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LITERATURE.

THE HISTORY OF OXFORD.

A History of the University of Oxford: from the Earliest Times to the Year 1530. By H. C. Maxwell Lyte. (Macmillan.)

"Historic Towns"—*Oxford.* By C. W. Boase. (Longmans.)

THE important volume in which Mr. Maxwell Lyte deals with the early developments of the University of Oxford must be regarded as an instalment of the larger work for which he is known to have been collecting information since the appearance of his *History of Eton College*.

The Deputy Keeper of the Records has peculiar facilities for gathering together all that can be known about the first organisation, under royal and ecclesiastical authority, of the Guild of Learning which grew into an institution of national importance. He can trace by means of a succession of charters the growth of those extraordinary privileges by which the university authorities were enabled to gain such absolute local powers as made them supreme in all matters affecting the welfare of their students; and from the state papers and the correspondence of diplomatists he will be able to show, as fully for the latter part of the history as he has now shown for the earlier period, what important national and literary movements have originated at Oxford, and "how closely the affairs of the university have been connected with those of the state." Mr. Maxwell Lyte describes the authorities upon which the present volume is based as consisting partly of original records and partly of MSS. preserved in the great public libraries, with the addition, of course, of Antony Wood's great work, and a number of other chronicles and histories. He has rejected the greater part of Wood's abstracts as unsatisfactory, and has preferred to resort to the original authorities, or to such collections of transcripts as are to be found in the library of the Society of Antiquaries and at the British Museum, and to "Bryan Twyne's voluminous collection, preserved among the archives of the University," from which Wood seems to have taken most of his information for the earlier portion of his annals. The work is not intended as a contribution to the general history of the mediæval universities. Such a work requires a close and familiar knowledge of the life and growth of the university of Paris, the prototype of all these institutions, and of the several universities of Bologna, and requires also, perhaps, the power of estimating how much was borrowed in one direction from the religious and trading guilds, and how much of the peculiar character of the university was reflected from the similar in-

stitutions existing in ancient times in Rhodes or at Athens or Tarsus. Mr. Maxwell Lyte prefers in his present work to localise his subject, to indicate briefly the origin of the institution with which he deals, and then "to trace its relations towards the authorities claiming civil or ecclesiastical jurisdiction in Oxford in the Middle Ages"; and he therefore records at length, in a manner which will make the work valuable as a contribution to our domestic history, "the successive incidents of the protracted struggle between the clerks and the townsmen," ending, as all know, in the complete subjugation of the city by the terrible weapons of interdict and excommunication, assisted by the direct interventions of the royal prerogative. The details of the municipal history and topography of the city are not neglected; but they cannot, consistently with the plan of the work, be treated with minute detail.

For these matters the reader is referred to Mr. Boase's valuable sketch of the History of Oxford, published in the series of works on "Historic Towns" edited by Mr. Freeman and Mr. W. Hunt. The city and the university were so closely connected that "their annals almost blend into one"; and the reader of the larger work will certainly find it advantageous to use the slighter chronicle as a supplement or valuable source of illustration for that part of the thousand years' history with which both writers are equally concerned. Their argument for a great part of the way covers the same ground, and each has taken the same point of departure. A well-known passage in Mr. J. R. Green's History supplies the text, which is illustrated in both works with great clearness by means of examples chosen on the one side mainly from the university archives, and on the other from the annals and records of the city.

"The University of Oxford," said Mr. Green, "is so far from being older than the city, that Oxford had already seen five centuries of borough life before a student appeared within its streets. The university found it a busy, prosperous borough, and reduced it to a cluster of lodging houses. It found it among the first of English municipalities, and so utterly crushed its freedom that the recovery of some of the commonest rights of self-government has only been brought about by recent legislation."

Mr. Green proceeded to show that the struggle was one which left its mark not only on the beaten municipality, but also on the constitution and character of "the conquering university" itself.

Another text on which the authors of both works before us have enlarged may be found in that passage wherein Dean Stanley described the turbulence of the mediæval university in those days when nation against nation, clerks against monks, the university against the Bishop of Lincoln—by whose license it was supposed to have originated—were continually set in hostile array; and when, instead of town and gown scuffles of the harmless modern kind, there were battles and massacres in the streets, and long-protracted struggles, such as that contest which culminated in the fatal riot of St. Scholastica's Day. This last battle, from which many of the university privileges take date, took place in A.D. 1354. It is described

as the most bloodthirsty conflict that ever took place between the clerks and the laymen of Oxford. It began in a brawl at a tavern, and ended in an organised attack by the townsmen, with armed bands of rustics from the neighbouring villages, upon the inns and colleges of the university. The victory of the town was speedily avenged by an interdict from the Bishop of Lincoln; and on the king's intervention, when the civil discord was appeased, the city found itself shorn of its powers once more, and deprived in favour of the university of most of its remaining privileges.

Oxford was certainly a place of importance before the first beginnings of the university were established there. Its natural advantages of position caused it to be selected early in the tenth century as a stronghold of the Mercian frontier; and the town (which may have begun as a cluster of houses round St. Frideswide's nunnery), grew and flourished under the protection of Aethelred's castle. It seems to have suffered greatly in the wars of the Norman Conquest, but to have recovered its prosperity as soon as the first strain of oppression was relaxed. No exact date can be fixed for the establishment of the university. Mr. Maxwell Lyte goes so far as to say that "it did not spring into being in any particular year, or at the bidding of any particular founder." He considers that its development must have been spontaneous, "not recognised by prince or prelate," rising in an obscure association of teachers and students, banded into an exclusive society like those of merchants and craftsmen, and growing without official assistance into the large and important body which was afterwards incorporated and loaded with privileges. Some doubt is admissible on a subject which is confessed to be obscure; and it seems safer to suppose that Oxford became a place of study, according to a well-known legal doctrine, by virtue of an episcopal licence to teach, a national centre of education by the royal favour, and a body that could grant degrees recognised throughout Europe by the authority of the king and the pope. No doubt, as soon as the teachers got together, they would form themselves into fellowships, or societies for mutual protection, even without the authority to constitute a guild; but their franchise of teaching must have been yielded to them in fact, as well as in theory, by the royal and ecclesiastical powers which, as time went on, sustained and enlarged their rights. Every school was subordinate to the ecclesiastical authority, except "free schools," which owed their existence to the king; and, though the university was more than an aggregate of schools, the teachers who were trained there, and who taught the students in their turn, could not at first have held their place without the leave of the bishop and his chancellor, whom they afterwards became strong enough to resist. There is no record of any teaching in the Oxford schools before the year 1133, when Robert Pullen began his course of lectures on the Bible. A few years afterwards, Vacarius made his celebrated attempt to set up a school of civil law in Oxford which should rival the university at Bologna, until King Stephen, with an unusual regard for legality, forbade the prosecution of a study which

might undermine the ancient laws of the realm. Edmund Rich, the saintly Archbishop, is the first person who is definitely recorded to have taken an Oxford degree. About the year 1221 the Mendicant Friars, who had already gained a footing among the students of Paris, began to establish themselves at Oxford, where they soon attained a position of great honour and influence. It was not until the middle of the thirteenth century that the collegiate system began with the foundation of University, Balliol, and Merton Colleges; and Mr. Maxwell Lyte shows that at least three more centuries elapsed before it became predominant. Through most of the mediæval period the students lived in licensed inns and lodgings, or in halls which were much the same as boarding houses. It was not till the reign of Henry V. that clerks were forbidden to lodge in the houses of laymen, and the halls succumbed only gradually to the increasing power of the incorporated colleges. Mr. Maxwell Lyte has given some account of the foundation of each college, with abstracts of the original statutes; but he warns the reader that the history of the university is distinct from that of the affiliated houses, and that the chapters relating to these later foundations must be regarded as little more than appendices to the more important part of the work.

CHARLES ELTON.

The Deemster: a Romance. By Hall Caine. In 3 vols. (Chatto.)

THIS book would be welcome if only on the ground that it is well worthy of the author of *The Shadow of a Crime*. In shifting his scene of action from the hills of Cumberland to the Isle of Man, Mr. Hall Caine has left behind him none of his three great gifts of imagination, pathos, and humour; and he has found a people even more distinct than "Cum'shire folk," with characters as well suited to exhibit human passion in its simplicity, and a dialect as rich and racy as any in the North of England. In addition, he has found a story of intense terror mixed with intense pathos. Readers of *Fo'c's'le Yarns* will not be surprised at the attraction of the Isle of Man and its people to the writer of romance, and will be glad that the field has been entered by so capable an author as Mr. Hall Caine.

It is to be hoped that the Deemster himself is not a character common in the island, for he is the incarnation of all that is most mean and despicable in human nature. Selfish, cruel, crafty, and cowardly, he is the evil genius of the piece, and is drawn, perhaps, more thoroughly and carefully than any other of the characters. It is he who manages to draw to himself in his father's lifetime all his father's property, and turns his defrauded brother out of doors; it is he who buys his wife of her father, the arch-deacon, and breaks her heart with his infidelity in the first years of their married life; it is he who cultivates the evil in his nephew Dan, and invents the lie which brings about the death of his own son Ewan. All through the book, from the beginning to the well-deserved misery of his death, he acts as a subtle malign influence, poisoning the air. Little he gets by it except his barren position

of power and the hatred of all. Utterly without religion, but superstitious to extreme, his time is spent in doing ill-deeds and striving to bribe Providence to avert punishment. One of the least adroit and most ridiculous of villains, the evil he tries to do is always rebounding on his own head; and the devil himself must have laughed when, after haranguing the people and the bishop, his brother, as to the ill-deeds of the bishop's son, and declaring that he will not lift a finger against the man who killed him, he turns round to find that the corpse which was the subject of his oration was not that of his nephew, but of his own son Ewan.

The fact that the evil done by the Deemster is not generally the exact injury contemplated by him, but the casual action of a spirit of evil emanating from his infernal disposition, is characteristic of the book. It is not by themselves only and their passions that the fates of the principal characters are determined; and it is this which distinguishes *The Deemster* from what are usually called "romances." The term serves to distinguish it from the novel or picture of modern life and manners; but, despite its narrative-form, the spiritual grandeur of its conception and the tremendous character of the forces engaged raise it to the region of tragic drama. Among these forces the passions of the characters no doubt play the greatest part; but above, beyond, and around these are the unseen, if not supernatural, powers of accident. It is not without the aid of a network of circumstance woven by superstition and misconception, and a thousand other impalpable devils, that the noble natures of Dan and Ewan are brought into collision, and dragged down to death and hell. What Mr. Hall Caine calls the "perfidy of circumstance" is the great motor of the drama, and dreams and presages, second sight and curses, superstitious terrors and evil thoughts, all of them giving wings as it were to diverse spirits of evil, which make a havoc of noble characters and lives of fair promise, perform for him much the same office as the loves and hatreds of the gods with their emissaries of fates and furies, dreams and omens, for the poets and dramatists of Greece. It is this that raises *The Deemster* into the rank of highest art, and makes it not so much a romantic story of a few human individuals as a tragic poem of human life and fate.

Yet the manner is that of a simple tale. The characters are not complex. They speak plain, unconventional, unpoetical English, often the "homespun" of Manx. Of analysis of character there is little. The narrative, if singularly vivid and abounding in remarkable incident, is told without strain. "Fine" as the writing is, in the best artistic sense, there is not a word of what is usually called "fine writing." To use an epithet once in favour with critics, the method of presenting the facts to the reader is "objective." Everything is described as if seen. The characters are left mainly to reveal themselves by their deeds and the speech born of occasion. The reader is a spectator, not a confidant. In describing the childhood of Dan and Ewan and Mona the author employs anecdote mainly to distinguish character; and even with regard to the Deemster, the most subtle of all the characters, we learn more

by watching his deeds and listening to his words than by explanation of the author.

Mr. Hall Caine, however, makes us know his men and women as well as if he told us all about them. Their presence, their gestures, the greater motives of their being are clear to us. It is no minute and detailed portraiture, but it is complete so far as is needed to distinguish one soul from another. In force Dan Mylrea, the bishop's ungovernable son, stands out clear from the rest—a being of intemperate will and passion beyond control, but noble and honest withal, capable of falling deeper and rising higher than ordinary mortals; a scapegrace and prodigal on a grand scale. Gifted with the splendid health, enormous strength, and generous nature which made him a hero to his inferiors, with the worst part of his nature encouraged by his uncle the Deemster, and the best part of it but weakly attracted by the saintly example of his father, the bishop, he spends a youth of riot, and instead of entering the Church becomes the proprietor of a fishing smack. After drinking away with his men the year's earnings of the boat, he pays his crew with a bill on which he forges the name of his cousin, "the pazon," as security. Ewan saves him from disgrace by acknowledging the signature, but his father casts him off; and Ewan, while permitting him to live in his house, withdraws his friendship and forbids him from intercourse with his sister Mona. Now the love between Ewan and Dan had "surpassed the love of women," and Mona had been his dearest play-fellow. So was Dan cut off from all the good influences of his life. "They are taking the wrong way with me," said Dan.

Dan does not improve. He ruins his father by mismanaging his farm, commits numerous excesses, and the relations between himself and Ewan become more and more strained. One day a vile story is told to Ewan by his father, the Deemster; and, maddened by the belief that Dan has seduced Mona, he seeks him with a murderous heart. Pride and passion forbidding explanation, they fight like devils, and Ewan reels and falls over the cliff. Far from this being the end of the story, the events that follow are even more original, striking, and terrible, and reveal more completely the genius of the author. The truly tragic scene between Dan and Mona, in which Mona declares her love for the slayer of her brother; the attempt of Dan and his crew to bury the body at sea, when it slips its weights and sails away to land; the return of the boat, the surrender of Dan and his terrible expiation under the sentence of his father; and the final scenes of the sweating sickness and the part Dan played therein, are all grandly conceived and grandly executed.

No doubt much fault might be found with the book. While calling itself a romance, it aims at such an appearance of literal truth that we cannot help asking ourselves if Gilchrist Mylrea was really the Bishop of Man at the beginning of last century, and was brother to the Deemster; and our confidence in its realistic veracity, on the one hand, and our acceptance of the romantic illusion, on the other, are both weakened. The book is too full of extraordinary incidents. The curse of Mrs. Kerruish is fulfilled so fully and literally, the secondsight of Kerry is so

terribly accurate, the story proceeds by such a constant succession of marvels, that it is only the singular skill with which they are introduced and the convincing manner with which they are described that prevent faith from halting. But, after all, these are small things compared with the undeniable grandeur and beauty of this work of art.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

The Solomon Islands and their Natives. By H. B. Guppy. (Sonnenschein.)

The Solomon Islands: their Geology, General Features, and Suitability for Colonization. (Same author and publishers.)

THESE two books, both excellent in their way, jointly constitute the first serious contribution to a comprehensive study of the physical features, natural history, and anthropology of the Solomon Islands—the largest, and, on the whole, the most important of all the West Pacific insular groups. They are the result of Dr. Guppy's fortunate appointment as surgeon to H.M.S. *Lark*, when commissioned in 1881 to execute a hydrographic survey of that archipelago. Although the selection was made mainly on the wise suggestion of the late Sir Frederick Evans that a person should be chosen possessed of some capacity for scientific observation, the Government, in its usual shortsighted parsimonious way, sent this brilliant young naturalist to explore practically new ground without providing him with any funds for the purpose. The public may therefore well feel thankful that he was able and willing to do so much solid work at his own expense, or, rather, by generously devoting to this purpose the whole of his not too liberal pay as a naval surgeon. Even the promise of £150 from the Royal Society for the exploration of Guadalcanar came to nothing—a serious illness having prevented him from carrying out that portion of the programme.

Surprise is often felt that such comparatively small areas as these South Sea Islands, apparently of such easy access from all sides, should still remain so little known, refusing to yield their secrets to the enterprise which is elsewhere rapidly dispersing the last clouds of mystery in vast continental regions. But we begin to understand the formidable nature of the difficulties of Polynesian exploration when we are told that merely to cross the islet of Santa Anna, only two and a-half miles long, occupied no less than five hours, the path lying the whole way through an impenetrable undergrowth of primeval forest, at many points almost completely blocking the way. These difficulties have seldom been described more vividly than in the subjoined passage, which may at the same time serve as a fair specimen of the author's vigorous style:

"Bush walking, where there is no native track, is a very tedious process, and requires the constant use of the compass. In districts of coral limestone such traverses are equally trying to the soles of one's boots and to the measure of one's temper. After being provokingly entangled in a thicket for some minutes, the persevering traveller walks briskly along through a comparatively clear space, when a creeper suddenly trips his feet, and over he goes to the ground. Picking himself up, he no sooner starts again when he finds his face in the middle of a strong web, which some

huge-bodied spider has been laboriously constructing. However, he struggles along until coming to the fallen trunk of some giant of the forest which obstructs his path, he with all confidence plants his foot firmly on it, and sinks knee-deep into rotten wood. With resignation he lifts his foot out of the mess, and proceeds on his way, when he feels an uncomfortable sensation inside his helmet, in which he finds his old friend the spider, with body as big as a filbert, quite at its ease. Going down a steep slope, he clasps a stout-looking arec-palm to prevent himself falling, when down comes the rotten palm, and the long-suffering traveller finds himself once more on the ground. To these inconveniences must be added the peculiarly oppressive heat of a tropical forest, the continual perspiration, and the frequent difficulty of getting water."

When to all this were further added the treachery, or, at least, the uncertain temper, of savage head-hunting tribes, the limited time available for these land excursions, and the lack of adequate means for securing the co-operation of friendly natives, the reader will not be surprised to find that, during the three years the expedition lasted, only a small part of the whole Archipelago was explored. Some of the larger islands, such as Bougainville and Guadalcanar, were not visited at all, while accurate observations were confined mainly to the northern part of San Christoval, to Fauro (Faro), Piedu and Sumbo (Narovo), of the prevailing volcanic formation, and to Choiseul, Ugi, Treasury, Santa Anna, and Shortland, of the more restricted limestone formation. This fact of the limited extent of his operations must necessarily be taken into consideration in estimating the value of Dr. Guppy's broad generalisations, especially when his inductions threaten to revolutionise current views regarding the physical constitution of the Pacific islands, and, in particular, Darwin's famous theory on the origin of coral reefs and atolls. This theory has recently given rise to some animated controversy between the Duke of Argyll, on the one hand, and Profs. Huxley and Bonney, on the other, the former having used certain ambiguous expressions, apparently imputing a "conspiracy of silence" to the champions of the Darwinian hypothesis, which imputation the latter have warmly resented on behalf of men of science generally. Darwin's view, associating coral structure with subsidence, was first seriously attacked, in 1880, by Dr. John Murray, of the *Challenger* expedition, who, on the contrary, connected it with the reverse process of upheaval. In the present connexion the point of interest is that Dr. Guppy finds that, so far as examined by him, the Solomon group is an area, not of subsidence, but of upheaval, thus, so far, lending support to Dr. Murray's views. Of great upheaval, to the extent of perhaps 2000 feet above sea level, there appears to be superabundant evidence, as, for instance, in Treasury Island, where the sedimentary rocks are of marine origin, levelled up, in some instances, from oceanic depths of "perhaps from 1500 to 1800 fathoms; but, in others, deposited in comparatively shallow water." Hence the conclusion that

"the structural history of the formation of Treasury Island lends powerful support to Dr. Murray's theory of coral reefs. Here a submarine volcanic peak has been brought up to within the depths at which reef corals thrive,

partly by the constant piling up of sediment, but mainly by the upheaving movements."

It is further stated that this tremendous upheaval is of comparatively late date, having occurred, in fact, "in recent and probably sub-recent times," language elsewhere more precisely defined by the expression, "Post-Tertiary times." Hence the far-reaching consequence that these insular groups are not fragments of a vanished continent, as generally supposed, but that, on the contrary, they have

"always retained their insular condition, situated, as they are, in a region of upheaval, and separated, as they are, from each other and from the Australian continent by depths of from 1000 to 2000 fathoms."

It is odd that the present depths of the surrounding waters should be urged as an argument against the western Pacific Islands having at any time formed part of the Australian mainland, seeing that Dr. Guppy himself levels up the oceanic bed many thousand feet on the strength of the character of the sedimentary formations occurring in parts of the Solomon Archipelago. If there can have been upheaval to this extent in quite recent times, why not also subsidence in remoter geological epochs? It is noteworthy that a particular species of crocodile (*C. porosus*) widely spread over south-eastern Asia, the Eastern Archipelago, and North Australia, also abounds in the Solomon Islands. No doubt this saurian is here "equally at home in salt and fresh water." But it will scarcely be suggested that it has reached these islands by swimming across the many hundred miles of marine waters separating them from Australia or New Guinea. Is not, therefore, the presence of the crocodile a much stronger argument in favour of a former connexion with the western mainland, than that in favour of continuous isolation based on the somewhat doubtful age of the submarine calcareous formations in some parts of the archipelago?

Great and intelligent attention has been paid by Dr. Guppy to the anthropology of the Solomon Islands. But although accurate measurements were taken of a few natives at several points, and careful observations recorded on their general physical characters and mental qualities, the results can in no way be regarded as exhaustive. Indeed, the Bushmen in the interior of the larger islands, representing the true aborigines, were scarcely seen at all, and nowhere examined. Consequently the remarks here made refer exclusively to the coast tribes, which throughout Melanesia are everywhere intermingled with Eastern Polynesian, if not also Malayan, intruders. They are essentially mixed populations, among whom the dark or Papuan element largely predominates, but who mostly speak Malayo-Polynesian dialects imposed upon them by the conquering brown Polynesian invaders from the East. Hence the intricate character of the numerous problems connected with Oceanic ethnology, problems which can never be satisfactorily solved until we get a thorough diagnosis of the true autochthonous black elements, whether they be the Kai-Celos of Viti-Levu (Fiji group), the Karons, Koiari, and others of New Guinea, and these "Bushmen" of the Solomon group.

So far as it goes, the account given of the coast tribes is valuable, because based entirely on the author's personal observations. They are described as considerably below the average height, ranging from about 5 feet to 5 feet 8 inches, of very dark brown complexion, but lighter in the eastern than in the western islands, with bushy frizzled black hair, short straight nose occasionally arched in a regular curve and much depressed at the root, receding chin and mesocephalic head, that is, intermediate between the round and long-shaped skull. But amid great diversity, sometimes approaching the pure Papuan, at others betraying Polynesian and even Malayan affinities, two very distinctly marked types were found to prevail in several places, one a taller, darker, more robust and more round-headed, the other a shorter, less vigorous, lighter coloured, and more long-headed race. Some valuable details are given regarding the "mop-headed" style of hair so characteristic of the Papuan peoples, with, however, an unfortunate reference to the South American Cafusos, who represent no native type, being simply half-caste Negroes and Brazilian Indians.

Intellectually, these Melanesians are placed in many respects on a much higher level than most other Negro or Negroid peoples. Yet abundant evidence is here given of their head-hunting and cannibalistic propensities. The case is even mentioned of a native missionary, son of a "most accomplished head-hunter in San Christoval," who had been selected by Bishop Selwyn, and trained at the Norfolk Island establishment, but who, nevertheless, again took to the old heathenish ways, and appears even to have accompanied his father on a head-hunting foray during the author's stay in the Archipelago. The natives generally bear a notoriously bad name for treachery and rooted hostility to the whites; and it redounds not a little to Dr. Guppy's credit that by the display of a little tact and kindly feeling he was usually able to secure the goodwill and confidence of the communities visited by the expedition. In one instance, after the exchange of presents, a mutually friendly feeling was established, with the result that

"in a few days I was rambling all over the island [Treasury], usually accompanied by a lively gathering of men and boys. An intimacy was established with the natives, which lasted until we bade farewell to the group in the following year; and the return of the *Lark* from her cruises was always a cause of rejoicing among the natives. The men of the ship were known by name to most of the people of the island; while Mr. Isabell, our leading stoker, made a deep impression upon them by his readiness to employ his mechanical skill for their various wants, so much so that Mule [the local chief] offered, if he would remain, to make him a chief with the usual perquisites as to the number of his wives. For my own part, I reaped the full benefit of our amical relations with the natives; and for the proof of this statement, I must refer the reader to the remarks on my intercourse with them, and to my observations on the geology, botany, and other characteristics of the island."

Yet the Treasury natives had hitherto enjoyed the reputation of being "the most treacherous and blood-thirsty of any known savages," so that the explorer expected his acquaintance with the island would not extend beyond the deck of H.M.S. *Lark*.

These handsome volumes are beautifully printed, enriched with several excellent geological maps and ethnological illustrations, and provided with tolerably copious indexes.

A. H. KEANE.

Canute the Great and The Cup of Water.
By Michael Field. (Bell.)

THE first of these plays does not appear to the present writer to deserve the extremely high praise that has elsewhere been lavished upon it; nevertheless, it is a very notable effort to present, dramatically, a noble subject. Has Canute been made the hero of an English drama before Michael Field took him in hand? Perhaps, when one does not know the answer to a question, the best way is to ask it of others; in any case, the presentment of Canute here is Michael Field's own. It is in the manner, and not without the mannerism, of the author of "Brutus Ultor," on which play, and still more on "Callirrhoe," I personally think "Canute the Great" shows a marked advance, while "The Cup of Water" is incomparably weaker.

On the whole, perhaps, a drama should not have a preface. But if it is to have one at all, let it be such as that prefixed to "Canute the Great." In a couple of pages the author tells us not only the local origin of this drama—born where the North Sea and the reed-beds of the Broads sigh their secrets to each other—but the idea of Canute and his career that arose out of "the features and traditions of this Danish kingdom." One excerpt must be made, for it contains the pith of the strongest part of the play.

"When . . . a vigorous, aggressive, and un-disciplined people comes to realise its barbarism through contact with the civilisation it has defaced, it wrestles with an intolerable shame. In the evolutionary struggle the survivor is himself a tragic figure. Every sunrise brings him into sharper antagonism with the beliefs and habits that beset, while they revolt, him. He is alienated from his gods, his forefathers, his very dreams. His hopes are not founded on experience, nor his ideals on memory. Causes such as these invest the person of Canute with singular and mournful majesty. Centuries of fierce pagan blood in his veins, he set himself to the task of becoming a great Christian governor and lawgiver to men."

This is a noble and truly tragic conception, but the zeal of it has gone near to eat up the author. Compared to Canute, Emma is but a scheming and unscrupulous politician deeply in love, and Edric is a daub. Is it not of the essence of drama that the secondary characters shall have their own perfect, though subordinate, interest? And can this be said of any secondary character here? Some will perhaps find such a character in Emma. To me the cultured heroine appears to be not only an inferior nature to Canute's—which was intended—but an altogether inferior piece of drawing—which was not intended. One, and only one, among the secondary characters, seems to me drawn with the full force of Michael Field's imagination—this is Gunhild, the Scandinavian prophetess, who is, as it were, the very voice of the North, calling Canute back from his new task, new learning, new civilisation. Coming before Canute with her "brooding face and windy sea of hair," she bids him

hearken to the prophecy that speaks doom on his apostasy:

"Hearken! I wandered out
Among the brake-fern and the upright flags,
And snatching brambles, when the sun was gone,
And the west yellow underneath the night.
A fir-bough rolled its mass athwart my way,
With a black fowl thereon. All eve I stood
And gathered in your fate. You raise your hands
To other gods, you speak another tongue,
You learn strange things on which is Odin's seal
That men should know them not, you cast the
billows
Behind your back, and leap upon the horse,
You love no more the North that fashioned you,
The ancestors whose blood is in your heart:
These things you have forgotten. . . . At thy
birth
Sang Urd of foregone things, of thy wild race
Of rocks and fir trees that for ages past
Stood in thy native bounds, of creeping seal
That call thy countrymen to journey forth
Among strange people; and her song went on
As flesh was woven for thee in the womb;
It cannot be forgotten, for she sang
Beginnings.

"CANUTE.

"O grey-headed tyrannies
Of yore, I will escape you.

"GUNHILD.

"Verily
They have requital. Thou wilt get a child:
Will it not draw from the deep parts of life;
Will it not take of thee that disposition,
Old as the hills, and as the waterfall
Whose foam alone was ever seen by man?
Thou wilt produce a being of thy past,
And all thy change avail not. . . . I go;
But wrathful leave behind me what was told
When the crow bent from the swirled plume of
fir,
And held me like a statue."

Is it not a perfect embodiment of an oracle—almost as impressive as, and far less laboured than, the somewhat similar character of Guanhumara in "Les Burgraves"?

Compared to this, the sketch of Edric, the double-dyed traitor of the play, is wanting in imaginative force. He is Iago without his intellect, Edmund without his skill in subservience and his hidden scorn for "the excellent foppery of the world"; a compound of brutal candour and soulless intrigue, he is perhaps possible, but it is surely impossible that either Canute or somebody else would not have strangled him before the third act. Here is his sketch of Edith his wife:

"Unearthly creature! she will win forgiveness
Of my vile sin before it is committed;
While Edmund lies at peace upon his bed
She will have prayed me guiltless of his murder.
She was revolted when I married her
By my dull lewdness; in our wedded hours,
As I unfolded to her my atrocious
And unimagined culpability,
She grew the guardian angel of my spirit;
And now, asleep or waking, I am certain
Of pardon for my most appalling crimes,
And trusting to her saintly vigilance
Can close my eyes and fall asleep without
A *pater-noster*."

It is like the complacent self-revelations of Firmilian—but then Firmilian was a pascuinade.

There is a fault which was abundantly apparent in "Callirrhoe," and is not absent from this volume. Dramatic poetry, which is really in large measure the expression in words of motives and thoughts which usually operate in silence, cannot afford to be squeamish. A resolute freedom—which is as far from a putrid naturalism as heaven from earth—is necessary. But Michael Field, when confronted with this necessity, seems

apt to slip into a crudity of expression which is neither literary nor natural. There is a middle course, between the squeamish and the crude, to which the pen of genius can certainly attain. Perhaps, too, the temptation to represent men and women over-much in the attitude of partial dissembling, with themselves or others, has unduly fascinated the author. Common as dissembling is, it is not the master-passion of human nature. It is possible therefore to give it too much prominence.

It is easy to find fault; perhaps it would have been easier still to speak nothing but praise of a work that contains such a masterly conception of Canute himself. Finer and more concentrated power of drawing is not, perhaps, to be found among living dramatists. It is original, too—at least I can see nothing but the necessary and legitimate influence of the Elizabethan dramatists anywhere, unless there be, in Act v., a touch of reminiscence, in the interview between Canute and Emma, of the great scene between Sebald and Ottima in "Pippa Passes." Some lines shine with a quite Shaksperian lustre.

"There is great beauty still upon his face;
It hath not been beloved. Infirmity
Sows sorer rancour in men's hearts than crime.

"There's music in her; she has listened much,
Pored o'er the lustrous missals, learnt how soft
One speaks to God, with silky filaments
Woven weird pictures of the fates of men.
Her smile is not a new-born thing, 'tis old
And mellow as the uncut timeless jewel.

"How simply they laid down their lives!
An Englishman sleeps soundly in his death,
As fearing no ill vision.

"All the night
Is one blue home of stars, and I am certain
Of a sweet sudden that my boys are safe
In the far country, and will live at peace.

"I grew a girl,
When, from the walls of London, I looked down
On his young, glittering, tempestuous face,
And blushed, and gave him all the terms he
sought,
To win one smile."

These are surely sparks from a genuine poetic fire.

"The Cup of Water" will, I think, be read with disappointment after "Canute." It is based upon the tale on which Rossetti projected a ballad—how the king and the earl both loved the maiden they met in the forest, and she loved the king, but by his desire wedded the earl. It is as though one should turn to a tragedy in three acts the graceful story "How Lisa loved the King," changing its resignation and pathos to tragic sorrow. Its defect, dramatically, is that, of the four leading persons represented in it, not one seems to have any character at all. They all act on impulse, all get in one another's way, all play at being magnanimous. Millicent, the wife of Almund the King, carries her indulgence to the point of connivance in her husband's infidelity. None of them, save poor Cara the wood-maiden, seem to have any fidelity of heart or resolution of soul. But there are beautiful touches and scraps of poetry—

"Her childhood is all gone;
Adorably a girl, she shrinks and flushes
The wild-wood red of yonder whortle-blooms.
Ah! I have kindled love with just a touch,
And stung the bud with light.

"Thus God
Severs, without the clemency of death.

"It is true.
Oh what is hell but truth—a fiery candour!

"They were the dearest eyes
In all the world, but when they looked so dumb,
When nothing happened in them, and they grew
A prison for the tears, I could but pray
To fall in battle and forget the pain."

But, on the whole, "The Cup of Water" must have been more pleasure to write than it is to read, or it would not have been put side by side with "Canute the Great."

E. D. A. MORSEHEAD.

Thomas à Kempis. Notes of a Visit to the Scenes in which his Life was spent, with some Account of the Examination of his Relics. By Francis Richard Cruise, M.D. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

THIS work has been written by a loving and reverent hand, and by one who regards Thomas à Kempis as the undoubted author of the *De Imitatione Christi*. It is written from a Roman Catholic standpoint, though the peculiar tenets of that Church are not distinctively introduced. The reason, or rather plea, for writing this new work is given in the preface, where the author states that it is not his intention "to underrate the erudite works of the Rev. S. Kettlewell," yet adds:

"I deeply respect his earnest religious spirit, his appreciation of Thomas à Kempis, and his painstaking research; but I cannot help feeling that the strong Anglican bias which he manifests throughout must render his writings distasteful to Catholic readers."

In the work itself Dr. Cruise goes over much the same ground as that which has been well traversed before, bringing in, of course, fresh additional information from more recent works—since the literature respecting *The Imitation* has not diminished on the Continent of late years. Beginning with some beautiful reflections upon the great work of Thomas à Kempis, the author proceeds to give an account of the revival of spiritual life in a small community of Christians in which à Kempis was trained and lived, about a hundred years before the Reformation began. There are a few sketches of "the Brothers of Common Life," and the formation of the congregation connected with them. Then, after a brief history of the life of Thomas à Kempis himself, he enters upon the controversy respecting the authorship of the *De Imitatione Christi*, giving ample proof that à Kempis was the real author of it. And finally, he concludes with a few "notes of a visit" to the places where the celebrated author had lived. All this is very carefully done, and the value of the book is greatly enhanced by the illustrations or pretty vignettes which are to be found towards the end.

But does not Dr. Cruise fail to comprehend what "the strong Anglican bias," as he terms it, is? For on speaking of being separated from it "by an abyss which can never be spanned," he refers his readers to a criticism in the first of the Appendices in confirmation of what he considers to be "the peculiar views put forward by the Rev. S. Kettlewell and others." From which it is

pretty evident that both writers want to be enlightened as to what the views of a true Anglo-Catholic are; for they regard him as one who denies "the Real Presence" in the Holy Eucharist. But then this is not so, for he holds the doctrine of "the Real Presence," though he rejects the doctrine of Transubstantiation which the Roman Catholics hold, and the doctrine of Consubstantiation which the Lutherans hold, and esteems the Holy Eucharist as something more than a mere commemoration of the death of Christ, as it is held by many Protestant sects. The Anglo-Catholic believes in Apostolical Succession through the episcopate, which most of the Protestant dissenters do not; but he holds that the pope has no authority in the Church to interfere with the succession in the English Church, and that he breaks the laws of the Catholic Church as laid down, more especially in the canons of Nicaea and Ephesus, by introducing a foreign succession into both England and Ireland, and thus causing a sad division in the Church. The Anglo-Catholic regards it as the duty of Christians to belong to the Church of the country in which they live if it be lineally handed down from the Apostles, which Protestant dissenters do not; but he does not hold with the Roman Catholics that articles of faith should be required of them which are not in Holy Scripture, or not agreeable to the same, and he cannot accept the Papacy as the divinely appointed institution of Christ and His Apostles. The Anglo-Catholic considers it to be necessary to adhere to the original basis of Church communion as founded by Christ and His Apostles, as received by the Primitive Christians, and as acknowledged and defined by the first four General Councils of the Church, which Gregory the Great—who sent Augustine over to this country—regarded as equally sacred and binding upon Christians as the four Gospels. The Anglo-Catholic believes that it will only be by a return of the Christians of every denomination to this divine basis that a reunion of Christendom will be eventually brought about; and that, so long as the English Church abides by this basis, she at least is not answerable for "an abyss which can never be spanned."

In his Preface Dr. Cruise thinks it "a little grotesque" to attempt "to establish a parallel between the lives of Gerard Groot and John Wyclif, and in the effort to represent Thomas à Kempis as a potential precursor of Martin Luther, and his so-called Reformation!" But a brief reference to the facts of history will, it may be thought, satisfy reasonable men that there is, after all, some little truth in both these views which are made a ground of complaint. For first, both Gerard Groot and John Wyclif, though living in different countries, and without having any apparent connexion with each other though in the same age, equally laboured to revive the spiritual life in the church of the country to which they severally belonged, while it was in a comparatively moribund state. Both equally endeavoured to disseminate the light of divine truth among the people by preaching the word of God at a time when the laity were forbidden to read the Bible for themselves. Both of them adopted much the same means for extending their work, by training

and employing poor scholars or clerics to spread abroad the glad news of gospel life and salvation. Neither of them would leave the Church, while both of them protested against its corruptions; and both of these men fell under the ban of the pope. It is for others to judge, then, whether or no there was not some sort of parallelism between these two eminent men in the first dawn of the Reformation. And then as to à Kempis being a precursor of Luther and the Reformation he brought about on the Continent, it must be kept in mind that, though their views might differ on some points, the great German reformer would never have been able to bring about the Reformation which he did, had it not been for the leaven which had been working—the desire for a new and better life, which had become deeply engrafted into the hearts of the German people by the reading of *The Imitation of Christ* and books of a similar character by other like-minded authors.

There was, indeed, a singular charm in the chief work of à Kempis, which took a wonderful hold upon the people, more particularly of Northern Europe, from the very first, which spread to England, for the mother of our Henry VII. had the larger portion of *The Imitation* translated into English. The secret of its popularity seemed to lie in this, that it taught men how to lay hold of Christ, and to live after his example; how to find comfort and joy in their religion amid the trials and tribulations of life, and attain a brighter hope of everlasting life to rest upon. There may be a few expressions which savour of the conventional life, and of the age in which it was written; but, upon the whole, it gave a bright reflex of what the life of Christ in man should be. The congregation of Christians, whose spiritual life it depicts, was as a tender plant that budded, and showed signs of new growth that promised well, while all else in the Church around seemed dry and barren. It was as the first streak of light before the dawn of day after a dark and dreary night; and men welcomed it as the harbinger of awakening life in the Church. *The Imitation* is not exactly a commentary on the Scriptures, for as such it would probably have been forbidden; but it gives a lively picture of what a Christian should be who is guided by the word of God, and sets himself seriously in the way of following Christ. Therefore, even to this day, it finds a welcome in the hearts of all earnest and devout-minded men, of whatever denomination they may be. It was like the companion book, next to the Bible, which the devout and intrepid General Gordon delighted to peruse in his solitary life at Khartum; and of the excellent John Wesley, when, like a second Gerard Groot, he went travelling from place to place to win souls for Christ. Thomas à Kempis does not seem to have had much liking for the papacy, or much belief in its authority; for only two or three times does he mention the pope in the many works he wrote, and in one of these places he does not speak of him, or the use of his power, with much respect. And it is a singular fact that so notable and devout a man as à Kempis has not been either canonised or beatified by any pope since his day. A Catholic doubtless he was, but more of the

type of the Anglo-Catholic than some think him.

A good index is added to the book, with a map of Holland, and two photographic likenesses from paintings of Thomas à Kempis; while the type and "get up" of it is everything to be desired. S. KITTLEWELL.

NEW NOVELS.

April Hopes. By William D. Howells. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)

A Double Wedding. By the author of "St. Olave's." In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

George Stalden. By Edmund Lawrence. In 2 vols. (Remington.)

Sweet is True Love. By Katharine King. In 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Under the Stars and Under the Crescent. By Edwin de Leon. In 2 vols. (Sampson Low.)

The Sport of Circumstances. By Louis E. Armstrong. (Sonnenschein.)

Miss Willowburn's Offer. By Sarah Doudney. (Blackie.)

A New Exodus. By Catherine Ray. (Nisbet.)

April Hopes is as dreary and cleverly written a story as Mr. Howells has ever published. Most even of his later books have had in them a little of that optimism which makes English readers generally regard *The Lady of the Aroostook* as his most enjoyable work. But in *April Hopes* Mr. Howells gives full swing to his peculiarly dry and attenuated American cynicism. There is not in it a single man or woman worth remembering. The folk who appear in its pages—and they are bewilderingly numerous—have no time to be happy; they have only time to be introspective and analytical. "They're the nicest kind of people," no doubt, that Boston, or Cambridge, or any of the other seats of "intellectuality" in the United States, can give us—to borrow the description that Dan Maverick, Mr. Howells's apology for a hero, gives of the father and mother of his apology for a heroine. Yet somehow one wishes that the whole of them could be precipitated from middle-class competence into poverty; then, perhaps, they would show whether they have any characters of their own, and not mere substitutes for characters supplied by Boston society, or Harvard Class-Days, or Hygeia Hotels. It may be doubted if there ever figured before in any work of fiction such an intolerable pair of lovers as poor, soft, good-natured Dan Maverick, and Alice Pasmer with her capriciousness, her morbid self-examination, her unreal self-depreciation, her blue-china ideals. After their engagement has been broken about a score of times, Mr. Howells is cruel enough to marry them in the last chapter. It is, therefore, to be hoped that, in a sequel to *April Hopes*, he will be kind enough to reduce them to keeping boarders in New York. In that case, they may find from others what true pleasure and true pain are, and even overcome the great difficulty in life, which, as Mr. Howells says, in his pretty way, "is to bring experience to the level of expectation, to match our real emotions in view of any great occasion with the ideal emotions

which we have taught ourselves that we ought to feel."

Carlyle, according to one of the stories, mostly false, which have been circulated about him since his death, finally demolished a novelist whom he had been flaying alive, and who had pleaded that "his types were human at any rate," by exclaiming "Then heaven deliver me from such humanity!" On praying—as the first duty that ought to be performed after reading *April Hopes*—to be delivered from the humanity that is to be found in it, one may, or rather must, allow that it is mercilessly realistic, and that Mr. Howells has packed into it more sentences and more characters that are clever without being "smart" than in any of his previous works. One is positively grateful for being introduced to the elder Maverick, professor though he is, because he confesses to "the increased liking a man feels for a woman when she owns to an appetite." Then there is one girl of genuine character in *April Hopes*—of sufficient character to decline to marry Dan Maverick—a Miss Anderson, "who claimed a collateral Dutch ancestry by the Van Hook, tucked in between her non-committal family name and the Julia given her in christening," and whose face would have been uninteresting "if it had not been for the caprice of her nose in suddenly changing from the ordinary American regularity, after getting over its bridge, and turning out distinctively *retroussé*." Altogether, *April Hopes* should be treated very much like an ice- pudding. With a view to thorough appreciation, not to say digestion, the more slowly it is taken the better.

The new work by the author of *St. Olave's* is realistic somewhat as *April Hopes* is realistic—that is to say, the lives of a number of people, whose characters give the impression of having been made to order, are represented in panoramic fashion. It is an excellent story of its author's kind, being a careful study of a thoroughly clericalised rural society. The "double wedding" of the heroine's sister to the Rev. Rowland Berri-thorne, and of the adventuress, Seline Consett, to the hero, Michael Forrester, does not bring the plot to a conclusion. It rather brings us to the most interesting stage in it. We feel much more sympathy with Berri-thorne after misfortune has fallen upon him and his wife, and with Forrester after the death of his wife—who has won him by means of a lie—than before their marriages. Seline Forrester is a minute study of a weak, frivolous, woman, who is not thoroughly bad; and the story of the weak Berri-thorne's deterioration and reformation is told with skill. Lady Matilda, the malicious and dangerous gossip, and motherly Mrs. Dumble, will take their place among the best portraits in this author's gallery.

George Stalden professes not to be a historical novel, but to be a personal memorial of the time of the American War of Independence, and to be only "edited" by Mr. Edmund Lawrence. Whether it is the one or the other, it is clearly and simply written. Arnold, André, Rodney, Clinton, and other characters of the period, British and American, look lifelike in its pages; and a number of domestic scenes are carefully and prettily

described. Otherwise this book is not specially notable.

The new work by the author of *The Queen of the Regiment* is sadly disappointing. Not that it is badly written, or that the tragedy which begins, ends, and pervades it, can be objected to as being unreal or inartistic. But that a writer, who has, in previous works, shown herself so decidedly original, even although in small things, as compared with ordinary purveyors of fiction, should have given us only a commonplace story of the now intolerable Enoch Arden sort, is very much to be regretted. Only one good thing, indeed, can be said of *Sweet is True Love*. It is, or ought to be, the *reductio ad absurdum* of Enoch Ardenism. That, after marrying Louis Redfern, Mary Millward should, in the belief that he is dead, marry Captain Petersen, is, of course, one of the ordinary and excusable improbabilities of fiction. But, that Mary and her first husband should finally meet and be cast away by the orders of her second husband, and that he, in turn, should go mad—this is to heap horrors on horrors' head in too ridiculous a fashion. But improbability is the note of the whole story. The elderly passion of Louis Redfern's uncle for Mary Millward's mother is an impossibility, which is only matched by his hatred of her, when she refuses his offer of marriage. The character of poor Mary is a good one; and there are some strong situations in her story. But the only abiding impression that these leave in the mind of the reader is that Mrs. (?) King may yet write a very much better book than *Sweet is True Love*. She could hardly write a worse, though she tried.

Under the Stars and under the Crescent proves chiefly that its author, while he is probably an excellent special correspondent, and could hardly fail to produce a readable historical narrative with "graphic" patches, is not likely to make a novelist. The migration of a disgusted general of the Southern States of America from his home to Constantinople, after the collapse of the Confederacy, is, of course, quite a possibility; and it may freely be allowed that the descriptions of the journey of General Prescott and his unfortunate daughter Helen from America to Turkey, and of Stamboul itself, are the work of a writer who is at once vigorous and scholarly. Mr. de Leon's style has, in fact, many of the virtues of Mr. Percy Greg's. The portraits, too, of Generals Grant, Lee, and Sherman—especially Sherman—are well executed; but then they are photographs, but slightly coloured by the idealising art of the novelist. On the other hand, singularly little skill is shown in the sketch of General Prescott, or of his unfortunate daughter Helen; while the tragic termination of the latter's union with the miserable Armenian Pancaldi is brought about in far too precipitate a fashion. Harry, Helen's cousin and protector, is a good fellow, but he might as well have been a young Englishman as a young Southerner.

There is a great deal of flippancy and slang in *The Sport of Circumstances*—the folks in it speak of "duddy" and "jolly morning," and are given to "frantic hugs"—and there is perhaps too much brandy-and-water. So, perhaps, it should be described as a

realistic novel, chastened by quotations from George Withers, George Eliot, A. S. Hardy, Violet Fane, Burns, and others. The best characters in it are George, the poor dipsomaniac; and the vulgar barmaid, who very nearly succeeds in marrying him. As for Jack and Kitty and Geoff and Madge and Basil, they are very uninteresting young folks of the lawn-tennis sort. There are oases of clever and careful writing in *The Sport of Circumstances*. But, taken as a whole, it suggests immaturity, and is carelessly put together.

Miss Doudney is seen at her very best in *Miss Willowburn's Offer*, perhaps because it is a one-volume story. It is a careful, well-executed, and cheery study of English still life, the pool of which is disturbed by Lesbia Lambton, who is, however, an angel only in appearance. The two widows, the mother and the daughter (who tells the story, and influences its course most decisively), are delicately sketched; and Patience Willowburn, the friend of both, is, in the character of good angel, an admirable foil to Lesbia Lambton. Lesbia, syren, serpent, forger, accessory to a burglary though she is, commands one's pity. Under different conditions, she might have been another Blanche Amory, or, at the worst, another Becky Sharp. As things are, she respects character and capacity in the person of Margaret Spencer, even although it is plain to her that it is Margaret who has baffled her leading coup—the forgery of an offer of marriage from Dr. Vansittart to her enemy, Miss Willowburn. Miss Doudney manages the forgery incident, especially the turning it to good account in the interest of Miss Willowburn's happiness, with great skill. There is only one disappointing character in *Miss Willowburn's Offer*—Guy Montifex, the lover of Annie, Margaret Spencer's sister. He is intended to be weak and too susceptible to influence, no doubt; but he is really too contemptible, being utterly unworthy to become the husband of Annie, and fit only to be the tool and plaything of such a creature as Lesbia. This is one of the least ambitious of Miss Doudney's stories; but it is one of her pleasantest, most compact, and most artistic.

One striking character, and the accurate reproduction of scenery in the Tyrol, remove *A New Exodus* from the category of religious gift-books, and place it in the category of historical fiction. Nominally, it is a story of a modern and, therefore, comparatively mild persecution of a community of Protestants in the Tyrol at the hands of Catholics, which ends in their placing themselves under the protection of the King of Prussia. Really it is the story of Bertha Rammer, the rather pert daughter of an inn-keeper in Zillerthal, who becomes a great singer, a fearless philanthropist, Baroness Von Hirschstein and Schmiedeberg, and—what is more important—a very sweet woman and the affianced wife of Hermann Von Trautberger, who, at a very early stage of their acquaintanceship, told her that she might be good enough for a Zillerthal inn-keeper, but not for a man who called himself a gentleman. The Bertha of the last chapter bears a strong, not to say suspicious, resemblance to the late Mdme. Lind-Gold-

schmidt; but, whether this resemblance is accidental or intentional, she is a most agreeable and powerfully drawn character. Hermann Von Trautberger, too, who, although he does not originally belong, in respect of creed, to the Zillerthalers, yet joins them, is also at the last a good example of moral evolution in humanity. The subsidiary love story of Johann and Ursel, interrupted, but not marred, by religious persecution and disease, is also well told. Altogether "The Exiles of the Zillerthal," unambitious as it is, and suggestive, as regards its author, of literary power in reserve, may, without exaggeration, be described as a model story of its class.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

GIFT BOOKS.

Dead Man's Rock: a Romance. By Q. (Cassell.) *A Queer Race: the Story of a Strange People.* By William Westall. (Cassell.) These are the two latest additions to the series of books of adventure which began with *Treasure Island* and *King Solomon's Mines*, and which has so rapidly overwhelmed the popularity of the earlier vogue started by the ill-starred Hugh Conway. Concerning that earlier vogue it is best now to be silent. *Treasure Island*, the first and best of the series, showed what a writer of true genius could do with a subject that all boys have dreamt over. In *Kidnapped*—which, we understand, has been less successful with the vulgar—the same author rose to a yet higher standard, and gave us a marvellous chapter of realistic history that recalls Defoe. Mr. Rider Haggard, on the other hand, reached his high-water mark in *King Solomon's Mines*, which photographed with lurid truth certain aspects of savagery, and held our attention by its very audacity. Of both the books now before us it is necessary to say that they would never have been written if it had not been for their predecessors. Not only the general idea of each, but also particular passages, imply the sincerest form of flattery. But there is one important difference between the two. Mr. Westall writes like a veteran, who has clearly conceived the whole story in his own mind before he set pen to paper, and who can maintain without effort a uniform level of literary merit. Only one incident of his has profoundly stirred our pulses—where the rats swarm along the tow-rope and so convey the contagion of yellow fever from one ship to the other. The rest is ingeniously imagined and written in a workmanlike fashion; but that is all. Of *Dead Man's Rock* it is violating no confidence to state that this is the first book by a young man who has already won an academical reputation under the same signature. While it bears manifest signs of immaturity, it proves no less distinctly that the author possesses powers both of imagination and of description, which augur for him a distinguished career when he has learned to trust to himself and not follow the footsteps of others. The opening chapters, which are laid in Cornwall on the Lizard promontory, are not unworthy of a disciple of Mr. Stevenson; but when the scene shifts to London, our interest flags, despite the succession of shocks administered, nor is it stirred so much as it should be by the melodramatic close.

Little Miss Peggy: Only a Nursery Story. By Mrs. Molesworth, with Pictures by Walter Crane. (Macmillan.) The discriminating admirers of Mrs. Molesworth will be glad to find that she has here returned to her earlier and better manner. While always commending her literary workmanship, we could not profess unqualified approval of her excursions into the domain of fairy land; nor have her efforts to

provide novelettes for girls in their first 'teens proved altogether successful. But in her own peculiar *genre*—that is to say, in stories about the nursery rather than for the nursery—Mrs. Molesworth, with Mr. Walter Crane for her illustrator, stands unrivalled. It is difficult to imagine that anyone will ever penetrate more truthfully beneath the surface of little children's minds, and pourtray more realistically the joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, which they are themselves so helpless to express. Never before—not even in *Carrots* or in the immortal *H-r-r Baby*—has our author given a more faithful transcript of child-life than in this story of Miss Peggy, the five-year-old girl with many brothers, who imagines a fairy land out of the front-room window, and finds the realities of life "at the back." The charm and the pathos of the story are so well sustained that no quotations could do justice to it; but we cannot refrain from extracting this description of Peggy fallen over and inside a "grown-up numbrella":

"An umbrella rolling itself about on the pavement, an umbrella from which proceeds most piteous wails, an umbrella from underneath which, when you get close to it, you see two little feet sticking out, and by degrees two neat black legs, and then a muddle of short skirts, which by rights should be draping the legs, but have somehow got all turned upside down like a bird's feathers ruffled up the wrong way. . . ."

Regarding the pictures, we think we have known Mr. Walter Crane to have been more happily inspired. His poor girls "at the back" are scarcely less idyllic than the heroine herself; and the kind lady in the frontispiece, who drives a pony-carriage, might have sat for Here in the *Odyssey*. Nor, considering the weaknesses of both young and old eyes, can we commend the practice of repeating part of the letterpress in fanciful type on the same pages as the woodcuts.

The Brownies, their Book. By Palmer Cox. (Fisher Unwin.) Of course there are still brownies in England, but they have not hitherto shown themselves much interested in the habits of modern society. They are, we fancy, rather conservative, old-fashioned, "little" people, living for choice in out-of-the-way places in the country, where there are plenty of mushrooms and the cream is above suspicion; and when they have a mind to divert themselves with mortal beings, choosing a lonely farmhouse or a wayside inn to busier centres of human activity. But in America it would appear to be different. There the brownie is a "go-a-head" being, determined to keep pace with the latest devices for amusement invented by humanity. On the other side of the Atlantic, *creds* Mr. Palmer Cox, the brownie skates, bicycles, toboggans, balloons, plays lawn-tennis, base ball, and, in fact, apes in every possible way the mirthful habits of the athletic Yankee. Mr. Palmer Cox tells us all about it in verse, and shows us all about it in pictures with an industry of pen and pencil which is quite astounding—a little tiring, too, perhaps, to the elders; but we dare say that many little English children will follow the adventures of the American brownie with unflagging interest, and will wish that a "troupe" of them would only settle in their neighbourhood.

A Story of the Golden Age. By James Baldwin. (Sampson Low.) An introduction to Homer is a good notion, for that excellent poet does certainly launch somewhat into the midst of things, as Mr. Baldwin says. It is not, perhaps, an original notion, and the stories he tells have been told before. But they can scarcely be told too often, and Mr. Baldwin, though he takes a few liberties, tells them simply and well. And if to the oldest of us they

are delightful, what must these stories be to the youth who hears for the first time of Helios and Phaethon, of Proteus and Glaucus, of Apollo and the Python, of Atalanta and Meleager, of Deianeira and Heracles, of Agamemnon and Iphigenia? Some of the illustrations, by Mr. Howard Pyle, appear to be of unusual merit, but the "process" by which the original drawings are reproduced is so unsuccessful that judgment is difficult.

Cost What it May. By Emma E. Hornibrook. (Hodder & Stoughton.) This book is a story of Cavaliers and Roundheads. It is, however, rather a moral tale than an historical novel. The sympathies of the writer are very clearly on the side of the Puritans, though she does not mar the book by argumentative digressions. The heroine is in politics a good simple English girl, but in religion a staunch Protestant, not to be inveigled into the Church of Rome by the subtlest devices of the Jesuits. The narrative increases in interest towards the close; and, though the writer is extremely bitter against the Order of Jesus, her descriptions of their intrigues form the most interesting portion of her tale. After making due allowance for its ultra-Protestant views, we are bound to say that the tone of the book is healthy and its language simple. It is admirably adapted for a girl's reading.

The Palace Beautiful. By L. T. Meade. (Cassell.) This is a bright and amusing story for girls. It is full of incident, and more than usually interesting for a book of its class. It reminds us of Miss Alcott's books, although the writer is no copyist. It is the story of three girls, left orphans, who determine to support themselves, and hide away in London that they may be independent of their friends. Luckily this madcap, though honourable, resolution finally leads to happiness all round. The missing brother, who has been stolen in his childhood, proves to be the *deus ex machina*; but this part of the story, we must admit, is a little improbable. The characters of this bunch of girls (Primrose, Jasmine, and Daisy) are well pourtrayed, and prove the author to be a true lover of children.

Mistress Matchett's Mistake. By Emma Marshall. (Nisbet.) Mistress Matchett is an impulsive but sound-hearted little lady who makes not one mistake, but several. How they are rectified readers of the book must discover for themselves. The story deals with the state of England immediately after Waterloo; and it has a certain amount of interest, not so much for its plot and its development, as for its character-sketching. Lady Muncester is well-drawn, so also is Rebecca Canning. The author's male characters are less successful. We note a few mistakes. That *aristocrat* means "chosen from the best," is untrue both in derivation and, unfortunately, in actuality; and the story of the Duke of Wellington's "Up Guards and at them" has been so often contradicted on the best possible evidence of the supposed speaker that it ought now to be consigned to oblivion.

Little Margery's Ways. By J. A. Lefroy. (Walter Smith.) Granting the probability of a little girl keeping a diary, then little Margery's self-portrait is on the whole fairly natural. Of course, the chief interest in the book lies in a keen-sighted child's observations of her elders, and her quaint semi-humorous remarks on what she sees. The society of a cathedral close seems to revolve round little Margery; and we get a discriminating insight into most of its component characters, from the Bishop and Mrs. Bishop down to the chorister boys. The book is decidedly attractive, and will probably become a favourite with young people.

Our General: a Story for Girls. By Elizabeth J. Lysaght. (Blackie.) "Our General" is the well-deserved title of the heroine of the book—a certain Basil Oliver, whose character is sketched with considerable ability and success. Her trials in the arduous campaign of life, with a sickly and foolish mother, as well as with a brother and sister sufficiently unlike herself to make foils to her own noble character, are well told. Readers will be glad to find that "Our General's" enterprise is crowned with victory, which is more than can be said of every example of such generalship in real life. In reading the book we note a mistake which is clearly due to the author's unacquaintance with metaphysical abstractions—e.g. (p. 22), "to whom quiet, if not an unknown, was at least an unwelcome, quantity."

A Pair of Clogs, &c., by Amy Walton (Blackie), consists of three stories of children and for children. They are decidedly interesting and unusually true to nature. The lessons they simply and unobtrusively suggest are wholesome. For children between nine and fourteen this book can be thoroughly commended.

Primrose Garth, by Rev. J. Jackson Wray (Nisbet), is a story told in Mr. Wray's wonted vein of a London cheesefactor and his wife, whose hearts, long hardened by trade and greed, are softened by a ride into the country to see a field of primroses. The story is pretty and pathetic, and, we will hope, is founded on fact.

Rex. By the author of "A Hero Poet," &c. (S.P.C.K.) This little book begins well by describing how two little girls make the acquaintance of Rex, the hero; but, after the first two or three chapters, nothing is told with sufficient minuteness. An hour of a boy's life accurately and vividly described is delightful, but a hurried abstract from infancy to manhood is dull and unnecessary. The illustrations and binding are excellent.

Mrs. Barth's Girl, by F. C. F. (S.P.C.K.), is a story of a London "wait." Its incidents are not very probable, and are not very well put together; but the book has a high moral and religious tone, and is not devoid of either interest or pathos.

Promises and Vows. By Helen Shipton. (S.P.C.K.) Though somewhat melancholy in tone, this is a praiseworthy story of trial and endurance. It is, however, suited not so much for children as for young men and women, to whose literary needs, indeed, the author is a well-known and successful ministrant.

NOTES AND NEWS.

If rumour is to be believed, Home Rule and Democratic politics will shortly be represented in London not only by a new evening journal, edited by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, but also by a weekly review, financed by an American millionaire, and edited by a member of Parliament of considerable literary experience.

MESSRS. WILLIAMS & NORGATE will shortly publish a book by Dr. J. Drummond, Principal of Manchester New College, entitled *Philo*; or, the Jewish-Alexandrian Philosophy in its Development and Completion. After a general introduction on the life and philosophical principles of Philo, the work will treat, in three successive books, of the lines of Greek speculation which had most influence on Philo, of the blending of Hellenism and Judaism till the time of Philo, and then, in detail, of the philosophy of Philo himself. The work will deviate in some important respects from the usual interpretation of the Jewish writer.

Mr. T. Kirkup's forthcoming book—*An Enquiry into Socialism*—is not (as has been erroneously stated) an expansion of his article

in the recent volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, but an entirely new work. His treatment of the subject in that article was mainly historical; while the book will be an exposition and discussion of the leading principles of modern Socialists. It will be issued by Messrs. Longmans towards the end of next week.

THE collections of charters, historical MSS., and autographs of royal, noble, and literary personages, which were till lately preserved at Condover Hall, in Shropshire, are now in the hands of Mr. Quaritch, who promises a catalogue immediately. The union of several lines in one, which led to the late owner's inheritance of documents and correspondence belonging formerly to distinct families in Gloucestershire, Cheshire, and Shropshire, led also to the preservation of many things of unique interest. The lands and charters of Kingscote Priory fell, in the time of Elizabeth, into the possession of John Smyth of Nibley, the author of the *Lives of the Berkeleys*; and his connexion, as steward, with the great house of which he compiled the history, brought him and his family into contact with the most distinguished men of the seventeenth century. There are few more curious writings here than his detailed list of household and other expenses between 1601 and 1618, and his notes in Parliament. In Shropshire, the Owen family, from the position of mercers in Shrewsbury, managed to enrich themselves with the confiscated monastery lands. Thomas Owen, as a judge, and his son, Sir Roger Owen, as a country magnate and a man of learning, were Elizabethan worthies of eminence. Towards the middle of the last century, through the failure of the male line, and by the result of marriages with the Mytton and the Leighton families, Smyth of Nibley became also Smyth of Condover; and on the failure of the Smyth line, the succession devolved upon the Pembertons, and finally upon the Cholmondeley family of Vale Royal in Cheshire. The literary and antiquarian collections of the Cowpers of Overleigh had already been incorporated with the papers of the Cholmondeleys; and, among the autographs brought in from that source, there are letters of Pope and Hume to Dr. William Cowper. One of the rarest and most interesting autographs from the Gloucestershire source is a long letter of Robert Burton, the author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*—a treasure which escaped the eyes of Mr. Horwood when he examined the Condover archives for the Historical MSS. Commission.

THE late Mr. Thomas Sitchell, who had been engaged, for some years before his death, upon a second series of *The Angler's Note-Book*, left the volume completed all except the last few sheets. Mr. Alfred Wallis, of Exeter, has undertaken to complete the work, and it will be published shortly by Mr. Elliot Stock.

A NOVEL by M. Orloffsky, a Russian writer who has not hitherto been translated into English, will be published at an early date by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. The translation has been made by the Baroness Langenan, and the book is dedicated to the Princess of Wales.

THE new volume of the *International Shakespeare*, containing "As You Like It," illustrated by M. Emile Bayard, will be published by Messrs. Cassell & Company early next month.

WE understand that the whole of the first edition of Mr. Edwin Hodder's *Life of Samuel Morley* was exhausted before the day of publication; but a new edition will be ready on Monday.

MR. SPENCER BLACKETT will shortly publish *A Wicked Girl*, by Mary Cecil Hay; *Little Miss Primrose*, by the author of "St. Olaves"; and *Under 14 Flies*, by Capt. L'Estrange.

MR. W. P. W. PHILLIMORE, the author of *How to Write the History of a Family*, has issued a prospectus of a series of Indexes and Calendars of British Records to be entitled "The Index Library." The first series will contain the indexes, with the official references, to the following records: (1) Chancery Proceedings, Bills and Answers, 1625-1649; (2) Royalist Composition Papers, series 1 and 2; (3) "Signet" Indexes, forming a key to the Patent Rolls, 1584-1624; (4) Northamptonshire and Rutland Wills, 1510-1652. "The Index Library" will be published in monthly parts of not less than forty-eight pages, and six thousand documents will be indexed in each part. Part i. will be ready for issue on December 15. The publisher is Mr. C. J. Clark, 4, Lincoln Inn Fields, and the price to subscribers will be one guinea per annum.

SIR ROBERT STAWELL BALL, the Astronomer Royal of Ireland, will give a course of six lectures (adapted to a juvenile auditory) at the Royal Institution on "Astronomy: the Sun, Moon, Planets, Comets and Stars," commencing on Tuesday, December 27. Courses of lectures will probably also be given by Lord Rayleigh, Mr. G. J. Romanes, Mr. Hubert Herkomer, Prof. C. H. H. Parry, the Rev. W. H. Dallinger, and Mr. William Archer.

THE Shelley Society is now sending out to its members the handsome present which one of its committee, Mr. R. A. Potts, has made it—the reprint of Shelley's *Epipsychidion*, with a critical introduction by Mr. Stopford Brooke, a note by Mr. Swinburne, and a bibliographical notice by Mr. Potts. The print of Dr. R. Garnett's paper on "Lord Beaconsfield and Shelley" accompanies Mr. Potts's gift.

THE Browning Society has taken 250 copies of Mr. Jas. F. Fotheringham's just published *Studies in the Poetry of Robert Browning*, and will issue one forthwith to each of its members.

THE West Branch of the English Goethe Society held its third meeting on Saturday, November 19, at the house of Miss Frances Thomson, when the members read Goethe's *Lustspiel* "Der Bürgergeneral." The hon. sec., Miss Ashbee, communicated a letter which she had received from Dr. Karl Kuhn, secretary of the Goethe Society at Weimar, upon the music for Goethe's *Singspiele*. We give the substance of that letter, which possesses general interest: (1) "Claudine von Villabella," music composed by Neefe, published at Leipzig, 1777; by Beecke, Wien, 1784; by Joh. Friedr. Reichardt, Berlin, 1789. (2) "Erwin und Elmire," music composed by André, published at Offenbach, 1775; by Stegmann, Königsberg, 1776; by J. Fr. Reichardt, Berlin, 1794. (3) "Jery und Bately," music composed by Siegmund von Seckendorf, 1780; by Phil. Christopher Kayser, about 1780; by J. Fr. Reichardt, about 1780; by J. Rietz, Leipzig; by J. A. Lecerf; by Birey; by Friedr. Ludwig Seidel; by A. B. Marx. (4) "Die Fischerin," music composed by Corona Schröter, published at Tübingen, 1782; by Herzogin Anna Amalia.

VERNON LEE's novel *Miss Brown*, which was first published some three years ago by Messrs. Blackwood, is now appearing in the *Nouvelle Revue*. Her latest work, *Juvenilia*, is also being translated into French.

THE Rev. E. J. Hardy's *Manners Makyth Man* has been translated into German by H. Leopold Katschen, of Berlin, under the title of "Die Kunst Mensch zu sein."

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

PROF. ARCHIBALD GEIKIE will write on "Darwin," Mr. Besant on "St. Katharines by the Tower," Prof. Elmslie on "The First

Chapter of Genesis," and Mr. Bennett Burleigh on "The Unemployed," in the next number of the *Contemporary Review*.

THE December number of *Blackwood* will contain an article dealing with Self Government for Ireland as a substitute for Gladstonian Home Rule.

THE forthcoming number of *Time* will contain an article by Mrs. G. M. Crawford on "The French Scandals," dealing with the inner life and previous history of the chief personages implicated; and a paper by the Hon. Roden Noel on "Mr. Swinburne's New View of Walt Whitman."

MR. FRANK R. STOCKTON's sequel to "Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine" called "The Dusanter," will begin in the December *Century*, and will be concluded in three numbers.

MR. FRED. J. CROWESE, author of "The Great Tone Poets," is to contribute a series of musical papers to the new volume of *Cassell's Family Magazine*, on "The Construction and Origin of the Various Forms of Musical Art." His first paper, "What is an Oratorio?" will appear in the December part.

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT will contribute a short serial to the coming volume of *St. Nicholas*, which is said to be a worthy successor to "Little Lord Fauntleroy," that appeared in *St. Nicholas* a year ago. Joel Chandler Harris, John Burroughs, Frank R. Stockton, H. H. Boyesen, J. T. Trowbridge, Colonel Richard M. Johnstone, and Louisa M. Alcott, are among the other writers who will contribute stories to *St. Nicholas* for 1888.

AMONG the contributions to the December number of the *Woman's World* will be an article on "Miss Mary Anderson in 'The Winter's Tale,'" by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman"; "The Fallacy of the Superiority of Man," by Mrs. Laura M'Laren; "At Royat," by Mrs. Campbell Praed; "The Ministering Children's League," by the Countess of Meath; and "A Treatise on Hoops," by S. W. Beck; while Mr. Oscar Wilde will himself contribute "Literary and Other Notes."

Decoration, the monthly journal devoted to the house painting and decorating trades—published since its first issue more than seven years ago by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co.—will, after the December number, be published by Mr. P. L. Deighton, late publishing manager to Messrs. Crosby Lockwood & Co., at 6, York Street, Covent Garden. Mr. Deighton promises an enlargement of the journal, and the addition to it of several new features. The editorship will remain in the hands of Mr. J. Moyr Smith.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

THE PRISONER.

FRET not, poor bird, because thou caged art,
Because of this wide world so small a part
Is known to thee.

Sing, sing the louder, that thy song may reach
The hearts of many, and they whisper each,
"He sings to me."

Thou canst not fly abroad and choose thy mate,
Thou must be patient, till some happy fate
Bring her to thee.

Thou art a pris'ner, but thy song can soar;
Sing, sing the clearer, love will fly before,
For love is free.

The cloistered nun who sits in narrow cell,
Sending her soul in heaven afar to dwell,
May show thee how

Within a cage to spread thy wings and love.
Sing, sing the sweeter, sing and soar above,
No pris'ner now.

B. L. TOLLEMACHE.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

The original part of the November *Livre* is rather more varied than usual, and contains something to suit persons of tolerably diverse tastes. The first and main article is on Béranger, by M. Lemerrier de Neuville, with some personal anecdotes, and a sheet of vignettéd portraits. Another illustration gives some elaborately decorated book-cases from M. Havard's forthcoming book on furniture. There is also a centenary note on the libretto of "Don Juan"; a paper on "Petrarch and Laura" (with special reference to the poet's Latin works); another on "Les Derniers Catalogues de Cazin," which should interest Cazinophiles—a limited but ardent class; and a continuation of the debate about the first edition of *Ruy Blas*, which even Hugotâtres—a class not limited but certainly ardent, may find cloying. But the whole make a good number.

The *Theologisch Tijdschrift* for November contains two long articles, one on "The Nature and Origin of Morality," Part I., by Dr. van Bell; and the other on the anonymous study of Christian origins called *Antiqua Mater*, by a fellow-radical in criticism, Dr. Loman. The thorough notice of Felix Kuhn's *Luther, sa vie et son œuvre* gives the impression that a French Protestant has produced the best-written, and not the least accurate, of the books on Luther.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BRAMBACH, W. Gottfried Wilhelm Leibniz, Verfasser der Histoire de Bileam. Leipzig: Barth. 1 M. 80 Pf.
- BREIDENBACH, F. v. Geschichte der italienischen Litteratur von ihren Anfängen bis zur Gegenwart. 1. Abth. Berlin: Siegmund. 4 M.
- GÜSTELDT, P. Reise in den Andes v. Chile u. Argentinien. Berlin: Paetel. 12 M.
- JOUIN, H. Musée de portraits d'artistes. Paris: Renouard. 20 fr.
- LAURENCIN, P. Nos Zouaves: historique, organisation etc. Paris: Rothschild. 8 fr.
- LOVENJOUL, Ch. de. Histoire des œuvres de Théophile Gautier. Paris: Charpentier. 50 fr.
- NAUJOUX, F. L'Italie des Italiens. Paris: Morel. 5 fr.
- P. C. La puissance maritime de l'Angleterre. Paris: Berger-Levrault. 4 M.
- RABELAIS, F. A. Montpellier, 1530-1838: étude biographique d'après les documents originaux. Montpellier: Coulet. 20 fr.
- ROTH, F. W. E. Lateinische Hymnen d. Mittelalters. Als Nachtrag zu den Hymnensammlungen v. Daniel, Mone, Vilmar u. G. Morel. Augsburg: Schmid. 4 M.
- SCHROEDER, L. v. Griechische Götter u. Heroen. 1. Hft. Aphrodite, Eros u. Hephästos. Berlin: Weidmann. 4 M.
- THEURIET, A. La Vierustique. Paris: Launette. 20 fr.
- VAUX, le Baron de. Les hommes de cheval. Paris: Rothschild. 60 fr.
- WARBERG, A. Frhr. v. Ithaka. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 20 M.

HISTORY, ETC.

- CONRAT, M. Der Pandekten- u. Institutionen-Auszug der brittischen Dekretalensammlung, Quel'e d. Ivo. Berlin: Weidmann. 1 M. 20 Pf.
- CHRONIKEN, die der deutschen Städte vom 14. bis ins 16. Jahrh. 20. Bd. Die Chroniken der westfälischen u. niederrheinischen Städte. 1. Bd. Dortmund. Neuss: Leipzig: Hirzel. 16 M.
- DUFOUT LÉON. Souvenirs d'un savant français à travers un siècle de 1780 à 1863. Paris: Rothschild. 7 fr. 50 c.
- FRISCH, G. E. Das Necrologium d. Benedictiner Nonnenstiftes der heil. Erentudis auf dem Nennenberge zu Salzburg. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 3 M. 20 Pf.
- GRIGER, K. A. Der Selbstmord im klassischen Altertum. Augsburg: Huttler. 1 M. 50 Pf.
- GRADENWITZ, O. Interpolationen in den Pandekten. Kritische Studien. Berlin: Weidmann. 6 M.
- HAUTHALER, W. Aus den vatikanischen Registern. Vornehmlich zur Geschichte der Erzbischöfe v. Salzburg bis zum J. 1250. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 1 M. 40 Pf.
- LAMPEL, J. Die Landesgrenze v. 1254 u. das steirische Ennsthal. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 2 M. 40 Pf.
- LEHMANN, M. Scharnhorst. 2. Thl. Seit dem Tilsiter Frieden. Leipzig: Hirzel. 12 M.
- LEMAS, Th. Etudes sur le Cher pendant la Révolution. Paris: Fischbacher. 3 fr. 50 c.
- PUBLICATIONEN aus den k. preussischen Staatsarchiven. 30. Bd. Preussens Könige in ihrer Thätigkeit f. die Landeskultur. Von R. Stadelmann. 4. Thl. Friedrich Wilhelm III. (1797-1807). Leipzig: Hirzel. 8 M.
- RICHTER, W. Kulturbilder aus dem classischen Altertum. II. Die Spiele der Griechen u. Römer. Leipzig: Seeman. 3 M.

STÄHELIN, R. Briefe aus der Reformationszeit. Grösstentheils nach Manuscripten der Zwinger'schen Bibliothek. veröffentlicht. Basel: Schneider. 1 M. 60 Pf.

STARGEL, Th. Zu Casiodorus Senator. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 30 Pf.

VILLELE, Mémoires et correspondance du Comte de. T. 1. Paris: Didier. 7 fr. 50 c.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BLASS, F. Naturalismus u. Materialismus in Griechenland zu Platon's Zeit. Kiel: Universitäts-Buchhandlung. 1 M.
- BREZINA, A. u. E. COHEN. Die Structur u. Zusammensetzung der Meteoreisen. 2. u. 3. Lfg. Stuttgart: Schweizerbart. 32 M.
- COUTANGE, A. Venins et poisons: leur production etc. Paris: Rothschild. 10 fr.
- HANKEL, W. G. Elektrische Untersuchungen. 18. Abhandl. Leipzig: Hirzel. 2 M.
- JOST, W. Tätowiren, Narbenzeichnen u. Körperbemalen. Ein Beitrag zur vergleich. Ethnologie. Berlin: Asher. 40 M.
- SCHMALHAUSEN, J. Die Pflanzenreste der artinskischen u. permischen Ablagerungen im Osten d. europäischen Russlands. St. Petersburg: Eggerts. 8 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- DUFRENE, H. La floresanscite. Paris: Mais. neuve. 2 fr.
- EHRENSFELS, Ch. v. Üb. Fühlen u. Wollen. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 1 M. 60 Pf.
- GOMPERZ, Th. Platonische Aufsätze. I. Zur zeitphilosophie platon. Schriften. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 50 Pf.
- HAERTMAN, J. J. Analecta Xenophontea. Leiden: J. C. v. Doesburg. 5 f. 90 c.
- HEINZEL, R. Üb. die Hervarsruga. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 1 M. 60 Pf.
- OESTRELEN, Th. Komik u. Humor bei Horaz. 3. Hft. Die Episteln. Stuttgart: Metzler. 3 M.
- REINISCH, L. Die Quarsprache in Abessinien. III. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 80 Pf.
- SOCIN, A. Schriftsprache u. Dialekte im Deutschen nach Zeugnissen alter u. neuer Zeit. Heilbronn: Henninger. 10 M.
- STEFFENHAGEN, E. Die Entwicklung der Landrechtsgloss d. Sachsenspiegels. IX. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 80 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SOUTH ISLES OF ARAN.

Letterkenny, County Donegal: Nov. 23, 1887.

Having read the notice of *The South Isles of Aran*, by O. J. Burke, in the *ACADEMY* of November 5, I turned to the work in question expecting a treat, as I have resided in Aran for several weeks, and published a work on the most interesting flora of the islands, mentioning also some of their other remarkable peculiarities.

I must, however, while admitting the merits in several respects of Mr. Burke's work, beg leave to call attention to some strange and erroneous statements therein, which I should be sorry it should be supposed your reviewer intended to sanction, or that we Irishmen knew no better than to accept as gospel.

On p. 5, I read that "purple heather, fox-glove, scarlet geranium, and wild thyme, were teeming on the cleft upon which we stood." The first two of these hardly occur on the islands at all, both of them being highly averse to limestone. *Digitalis* (fox-glove) is always excluded by limestone. "Scarlet geranium," it is hardly necessary to say to any enlightened reader, is an exotic. A few lines later the "crimson berries of the orchis" are brought in; but none of our orchids has crimson berries. Possibly, Mr. Burke meant the cuckoo-pint or *Arum maculatum*—very common on limestone. On p. 6, however, Mr. Burke unintentionally corrects one of his above errors by a remark, which is really a quotation, that "owing to the absence of turf bogs, there are neither marshy nor heathy plants." The writer from whom he extracted this remark took pains to point out that the fox-glove was excluded by the limestone of Aran. "In the rocky dells there are several kinds of convolvulus of very rich florescence" (p. 6). There are two sorts of our wild bindweed—pale-flowered weeds, and neither of them "rich" in the sense of colouring.

On p. 7 the ornithology of Mr. Purke is as desperately at fault. He informs us that the "osprey" is a synonym for the "sea eagle,"

and is common and conspicuous on Aran. Eagles are very rare, or quite unknown, on Aran; the osprey entirely so. A few lines lower we are told that "it is said that this bird [the chough] was formerly to be seen in flocks on various parts of the English coasts, and that now it cannot be found in any part of the United Kingdom except in Aran." I do not know where this is said, but it is utterly at variance with the truth. The chough is common along all the wilder parts of the west coast of Ireland, from north to south, and is by no means extinct in Great Britain. The next paragraph is even more reckless. "Plovers, gannets, pigeons, ducks, teal, and divers breed abundantly on the rocky ledges." Surely it is intolerable that it should appear in print, on the authority of an educated man, that such birds as ducks, teal, and plovers breed on rocky ledges over the sea. It is an insult to all our boyish wisdom. Gannets do not breed on Aran, nor anywhere on that coast till we get south to Kerry. It is not worth inquiring what "divers" means. Divers birds do breed there, but Mr. Burke has been most unlucky in his random shot. The most brilliant blunder I have yet seen in print lies a few lines lower down. "The cliffs are the resort of countless puffins (*Anas leucopsis*)"! *Anas* is a duck or a drake, a statement in which, I think, all lexicographers and ornithologists will agree. *Anser leucopsis* or *Bernicla leucopsis* is the Bernicle goose, which does not breed on Aran in countless numbers, nor anywhere else in the United Kingdom. Mr. Burke, however, meant the latter bird, because he says it springs from driftwood! So we learn that a goose is a duck, and a duck is a puffin, and a puffin springs from driftwood. Nor is it true that the "solitary bittern" (p. 8) frequents the island. A more unlikely place, without anything like a marsh, could not be conceived for this bird.

A little more zoology awaits us on page 11. Or is it botany? "Marine plants, such as the sea-anemones, the rock-grown samphire, and the sea-cabbage grow around the islands in great profusion." The last plant (*Crambe maritima*) does occur, but is very rare. It is one of the rarest British plants now, and I hardly know a safe Irish locality for it except Aran. But the sea-anemone! Why would not Mr. Burke get anyone to revise his proofs?

The "tanks of Ceylon" and the "*Pinus maritima* of Arcachon" are sadly wanting in Aran. No doubt they are. I do not believe any pine would ever make a semblance of thriving on the storm-swept limestone flats of these islands.

With regard to Druidism and Firbolg myths I am in happy ignorance. I never knew that one or other could be stated in the historic fashion as they are in these pages. However, we have chapter and verse for the date of the disappearance of the "ilex and the quercus," which was contemporary with the departure of Druidism. But the ilex (holly) is to be found on all three of the islands, and the quercus also, at any rate, on the North Island. We have also the first accurate landing-stage in Firbolgian history I have yet had any reason to accept. The immense fortresses on the islands were "built by the pagan Firbolg in the first century of the Christian era." I prefer to abide by the dictum of the learned editor of O'Currie's *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish*, that

"the time has scarcely come for dissecting and analysing the curious tissue of legends of Umorians, Fomorians, Nemedians, Firbolgs, Tuatha de Danaans, Milesians, and others, which constitutes the mythical part of Irish history."

The Firbolgs are generally credited by tradition among the remote peasantry with having been the people who carried the good soil up from the lowlands into those fertile mountain

spots met with in all glaciated countries. I have met with few other "living" beliefs about them, but am glad now that I am better informed.

The volume is such a conglomeration of anachronisms, errors, and unlucky patchwork, that it is not safe to lean any weight on its evidence. At the same time, I agree with all that the writer says in praise of Aran and its inhabitants. To the naturalist or archaeologist there is no place in the kingdom so full of fresh, true, and unhackneyed interest, for no place of anything like the interest in this country is nearly so difficult to arrive at. For this reason it seems to me a vast pity that Mr. Burke should not have consulted some friend before publishing a volume which lays itself open to censure from the merest schoolboy's education, and which, by ignoring the real points of noteworthiness and promulgating silly errors instead, defeats the object aimed at. It is a pity in more respects than one. Ireland receives flying visits from distinguished inhabitants of the sister isle nowadays, who publish their impressions as fast as a dog can trot; and grave and numerous are the misrepresentations so put forth. A late lady-author fell into this modern fashion, and it is unfortunate that the last writing of the author of *John Halifax* should be so far from accurate in its statements. But it is a much more unfortunate circumstance to find a native, one to the manner born, airing his ignorance in such a childish fashion. Men of science in England have continually reproached us Irish for our lack of systematic study of our own most interesting products. Surely they have cause when they read the statement of a barrister-at-law and a B.A. of Trinity College, Dublin, that the sea-anemone is a marine plant, and the duck and teal breed on the cliffs of Aran.

H. C. HART.

INGULFUS REDIVIVUS.

London: Nov. 21, 1887.

It is a relief to know that Mr. Round has at length pointed out the "worst mistakes" in my book. May I say in reply:

(1) No argument therein respecting Domesday Book hangs on Ingulf. He is referred to for what he is worth, and the reference-note is given for obvious reasons.

(2) I cannot enter into his troubles connected with the Museum library.

(3) In applying the word "peeress" to a countess of the Norman period, I fear I have used the term in a more extended signification than usual. It is, however, a trivial slip, scarcely worth noting. I see that the word "peerage" is similarly used by Nicolas in his well-known work, entitled "A Synopsis of the Peerage of England, exhibiting . . . every Title of Peerage which has existed in this Country since the Conquest." Among Nicolas's "peers" are some noble personages quite as remote as Godiva.

(4) The passage which Mr. Round calls my "worst mistake" rests on good authority—an authority of three separate and independent chronicles, which have none of the Ingulfine taint in them; unless, indeed, Mr. Round has already relegated these also to the limbo of delusion and imposture. In order to show that I have not exceeded the strict signification of the words, I transcribe the paragraph in dispute side by side with the original Latin from which it is derived:

"Lucy, the countess . . . married, after the death of her first husband, Ivo, Roger, son of Gerold Romara [here Mr. Round writes *sic* as if there were something wrong in me] in the

time of Henry I., and had one son William. She married, a third time, Ralph Earl of Chester, in the reign of King Stephen, and by this marriage had a second son, Ranulf, Earl of Chester" (p. 99).

As Mr. Round knows all that is to be learned of Lucy the countess, I need not tell him that this occurs at the end of a MS. of Florence of Worcester. Let him also compare equally reputable evidence from another MS.—no doubt familiar to him—the *Registrum de Spalding*:

"Defuncto vero Yvone, eadem domina Lucia successive sumpsit sibi alios viros; scilicet Rogerum filium Geroldi, et comitem Cestrie Ranulphum. Mortuis quoque domino rege Willielmo et maritis dominae Luciae supradictis, ipsa in viduitate sua donavit," &c.

I have no wish to follow Mr. Round into the labyrinth of his physiological paradoxes; but, in support of the fact that "Algar" was her father, I will ask him to examine this passage from a third, and equally irreproachable, MS.:

"Yvo, maritus Luciae comitissae, donationes, quas Toraldus avunculus ejusdem Luciae, filiae Algari comitis Leicestriae, monachis Spaldynghiae dederat, evidenter fecit confirmari."—*Ann. of Peterborough*.

The difficulties of the date of Algar and the story of Lucy have long been felt in English history. Can Mr. Round smooth them away? If so, he will deserve everybody's gratitude.

WALTER DE GRAY BIRCH.

Frenchay Rectory, Bristol: Nov. 21, 1887.

Mr. Round understates Mr. W. de Gray Birch's fondness for Ingulf. Mr. Birch quotes or refers to his authority eighteen times, only once suggesting that any doubt has ever been cast on the genuineness or credibility of Ingulf, and then implying that such doubt is misplaced (p. 121). The reference seems to be always to Mr. Birch's own edition of Ingulf's Chronicle, which I do not possess, and which I have endeavoured in vain to see at the British Museum, the London Library, and other places.

There are two other passages which have excited my bump of antiquarian or historical curiosity—viz.:

"Wherever a substantial building was found to be in existence, as at St. Pancras Church, Canterbury, for example, it was taken possession of for the benefit of the new religion" (p. 6).

"A copy of the Epistolae of St. Jerome, which at one time belonged to Thomas Wolsey, the unfortunate Archbishop of Canterbury" (p. 70).

The whole book seems to be written by one who knows a great deal about the subject, but who does not care or has not time to be accurate for the benefit of such Christian ignoramus as would read books published by the S.P.C.K. But the mere fact that Mr. Birch was putting forth a popular account of the Domesday Book, for people who would presumably take his statements and references for granted, should surely have made him specially careful not to impose upon their ignorance or credulity.

F. E. WARREN.

A HITTITE SYMBOL.

London: Nov. 19, 1887.

I am accused by Prof. Sayce of not "making sure" of my "facts" with regard to the "innocent-looking triangle"—i.e., the equilateral triangle; for I intimated distinctly that I was "taking into account simply the equilateral triangle." I am informed that I shall find it not merely on the seals and "at Hamath," but also "at Jerablus," and "at Merash," refer-

ence being given to two places in published representations of inscriptions from the two last-named ancient sites. But Prof. Sayce is "sorry" that in these places it is not "accompanied by 'the head of a cow.'" Now, if all this were true, it would be quite consistent with my statement as to the equilateral triangle "occurring but very rarely." And I did not, of course, think of saying that this triangle is found only with an emblem of the cow-headed Ashtoreth.* The discussion was concerned, indeed, with its occurrence in connexion with a totally different symbol. But as to the two places in the inscriptions to which Prof. Sayce refers, the fact is that the equilateral triangle occurs at neither the one nor the other. On the Merash inscription there is a triangular object with what looks at first sight like a tolerably thick tail or handle. But clearly this is not the triangle we are seeking. And on the third line of the Jerablus inscription there are objects in the shape of isosceles triangles, or approximating thereto, but there is no equilateral triangle.

With respect to the legs of the Hittite symbol, what I said had reference to the seals represented by Perrot and Chipiez, and to the Tarsus seal, especially to the latter, of which I examined with great care an excellent impression. Certainly on this impression the Hittite symbol had a "pair of divergent legs which clearly terminate in turned-up toes." What modification of this symbol there may be on seals which I have not seen, it is, of course, impossible for me to say. I should not by any means expect to find the symbol "always associated" with the equilateral triangle.

Prof. Sayce wants me to tell him when and where he has spoken of the "Hittite symbol as being a symbol of life." If this be not the sense conveyed in his letter to the ACADEMY of November 5 (p. 304, lines 10 to 25), I fail altogether to discern what is intended, or why a comparison should be made with the *ankh*, "the Egyptian symbol of life"—a comparison which, by the way, had been previously suggested by Mr. Pinches. THOMAS TYLER.

[As Prof. Sayce has already left England, it may be as well to reprint in full what he wrote in the ACADEMY of November 5 about "the symbol of life":

"In one case, however, the [Hittite] knotted girdle takes the form of the *crux ansata*, the Egyptian symbol of life. I believe, therefore, that it gives us the clue to the origin of this mysterious symbol. It would have denoted the knotted girdle worn by the primitive Egyptian over the seat of life. Some of the figures in the tomb of Ti of the Fifth Dynasty wear no other article of clothing."

Prof. Sayce's argument clearly was, not that the Hittite girdle was a symbol of life, but that the Egyptian emblem of life was originally a girdle.—ED. ACADEMY.]

AN EARLY ENGLISH DEED.

London: Nov. 3, 1887.

As the first of Mr. Farnivall's "Fifty earliest English Wills in the Court of Probate, London," is dated 1387, it may be worth while to note the existence of an English document of similar character, but of considerably earlier date. This is the foundation by "Simond Potyn," of St. Katherine's "Spittel," Rochester (1316), which is, "Dated in the feast of Christmas in the yere of our lorde Jhesu Christ MCCCXVI reigninge our lorde Kinge Edwarde

* That an emblem of Ashtoreth should be found on a Hamathite inscription is in accordance with the Semitic name of the city *Hamath*. And the people, also, who sculptured the inscriptions found at Jerablus and Merash were probably in the main Semites. With regard to the Hamath and Jerablus inscriptions I have maintained this position for several years.

called of Carnarvan, the sonne of Kynge Edwarde the first after the conquest." It is printed in that unindexed work, Thorpe's *Registrum Roffense* (pp. 546-7), from the original "in archivis civitatis Roffensis."

J. H. ROUND.

AI POINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Nov. 28, 5 p.m. London Institution: "The Evolution of Reptiles," by Prof. H. G. Seeley.
8 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Chemistry of some selected Palettes," by Prof. A. H. Church.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "The Elements of Architectural Design," I., by Mr. H. H. Statham.
8.30 p.m. Geographical: "A Journey round Chinese Turkestan and along the Norther Frontier of Tibet," by Mr. A. D. Carey.
TUESDAY, Nov. 29, 8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion, "Accidents in Mines," II., by Sir Frederick A. Abel.
WEDNESDAY, Nov. 30, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Economic Illumination from Waste Oils," by Mr. J. B. Hannay.
THURSDAY, Dec. 1, 6 p.m. London Institution: "How Plants protect themselves," by Mr. W. Gardiner.
8 p.m. Linnean: "Ants, Bees, and Wasps," II., by Sir John Lubbock; "Myriopoda of Mergui Archipelago," by Mr. E. J. Pocock.
8 p.m. Chemical: "The supposed Third Nitroethane," by Prof. Dunstan and Mr. T. S. Dymond; "Researches on the Laws of Substitution in the Napthalene Series," by Prof. H. E. Armstrong.
FRIDAY, Dec. 2, 7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers: Students' Meeting, "The Classification of Continuous Railway Brakes," by Mr. A. Wharton Metcalfe.
8 p.m. Philological: "English Etymologies—Cess-pool, &c.," by Mr. H. Bradley.
8 p.m. Geologists' Association.

SCIENCE.

Plautinische Studien. By P. Langen. (Berlin: Calvary.)

In this book Langen addresses himself in the first instance to the question of interpolations in the text of Plautus, entering the field against the critics and editors who assume that the comedies in their traditional form contain extensive additions by later revisers. His defence of the text is based upon a severe criticism of some features in the art of Plautus. "We have no right to form an *a priori* notion of the excellence of the Plautine comedies and then proceed to reject summarily as un-Plautine whatever in our eyes detracts from that excellence." That this is a self-evident proposition Langen is perfectly aware; but he justly maintains that its bearing has been insufficiently appreciated by certain modern critics who have never asked whether the diffuseness at which they take offence in particular passages is not in reality a general characteristic of the workmanship of the poet. The book may, therefore, be called a study in textual criticism from the literary point of view. On the other hand, it is no part of the problem, as Langen conceives it, to call attention to the merits of Plautus, or to balance merits against demerits. He is, therefore, careful to warn the reader not to expect any general verdict of a literary character. His purpose is served if he succeeds in proving the constant recurrence of a certain class of defects.

His main contention Langen appears to me to have established conclusively. His searching criticism of all the comedies proves—that every reader must have more or less distinctly felt—that Plautus habitually works out his themes with a prolixity which seriously impairs the effectiveness of his humour, and must have been a standing difficulty to the ancient actor; and further, that he is careless in the construction of his plays, and often indifferent to consistency in the delineation of

character. It appears, therefore, in the highest degree rash to excise whole passages merely because they are unnecessary to the development of the plot, or contain repetitions of a thought already sufficiently expressed. It is satisfactory to find that cautious editors like Brix are moving in a conservative direction. His fourth edition of the *Captivi* removes the ban from many lines which were still suspected in his third.

The view as to general faults of construction in Plautus which Langen adopts is, of course, not new. It is as old as Horace (*cf.* "Securus cadat an recto stat fabula talo"). What Horace's verdict on the question of prolixity would have been, had it been distinctly put to him, it is, perhaps, difficult to say. The line

"Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epi-charmi"

is very obscure. It is explained by Prof. Sellar (who elsewhere recognises the prolixity with which themes are hammered out in the "Cantica") as referring to the "extreme vivacity and rapidity of gesture, dialogue, declamation, and recitative by which his scenes were characterised." May not the idea be the same as that in

"Quam non adstricto percurrat pulpita socco,"

and refer to the "running scenes" which were so characteristic of Plautus, and which seem to have fallen into partial disfavour by the time of Terence? (See *Hautontim. Prol.* 28 ff.). Whatever be its interpretation, we may say, with Cato, "aliud est properare, aliud festinare." And of Plautus it is not true that "ad eventum festinat" (Orelli)—at any rate, if the words are used to convey praise. The recognition scene of the *Menæchmi* has been often quoted as an example of a *dénouement* absurdly deferred. The discovery is practically made as soon as the twin brothers are brought face to face. Langen's castigation of this scene is a curious commentary on the hasty remark of Orelli (upon the line of Horace above quoted)—"Nunquam in rebus minutis movando retardat spectatorem."

An instance of faulty construction is contained in the *Captivi*. The general scheme of the play is for the action to take place on one day—indeed, during the time that the parasite, Ergasilus, is waiting for his dinner (*cf.* iv. 2.3). But the latter part of the play is wholly unintelligible except on the assumption of a lapse of some considerable time; for between the end of the second and beginning of the fourth act the captive Philocrates completes a journey from Aetolia to Elis and back again, and between the third and the fifth acts his slave Tyndarus suffers protracted punishment in the stone quarries (*cf.* v. 4.1 ff.). It is this inconsistency which differentiates the treatment of time in the *Captivi* from that in the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus. The defence of Brix, that "the measure of empirical time has no absolute validity for the idealising drama," has always seemed to me without force, except as a reply to sticklers for the unity of time. How Lessing, who to some extent felt the difficulty above mentioned, could call the *Captivi* "the most perfect play ever put upon the boards" it is difficult to see. A fault of construction of the opposite kind is to be found in the *Menæ-*

chmi. The slave Messenio is told in the second act to take his master's luggage to an inn; but he does not succeed in executing this commission and returning until Act v. (986), although no suggestion is offered that he has been delayed.

In the delineation of the twin *Menæchmi* we have also an example of "psychological inconsistency." Such thievishness as they both show would have been more in place in the description of a pair of rascally slaves. Again, it is unnatural that the Epidamnian brother should never have made any inquiry as to his family, though he knew the name of his father and mother, and shows attachment to his brother when they meet (*cf.* 1132). It is a fault of construction in the *Rudens* that the shipwrecked girls do not recognise the temple of Venus, which must have been quite near to their home. In the *Trinummus* Langen shows well that we must choose between the alternatives of either saying that the poet never troubled himself to ask how Stasimus came into possession of a talent of money, or admitting that this honest slave (*cf.* 617 ff., 1070 ff.) stole it from his master.

In such criticism as this Langen is at his best, and it is impossible to deny that he makes many effective and humorous points against Plautus. It is plain that Plautus had none of the spirit which animated an artist like Goethe, and which shows itself in the scrupulous *Motivierung* of even trivial incidents (*cf.* his suggestion to Schiller to add two lines to "Wallenstein's Lager" in order to explain how the peasant came into possession of the dice).

But sometimes Langen's attack seems to admit of an answer in defence of Plautus. His critic appears not to allow enough for stage convention and the *roba di scena* which plays so large a part in pieces of a humorous character all the world over, and especially in Italy. Thus, in the *Aulularia* Langen objects to Euclio's utterance of grief and rage after his discovery that he has been robbed. The robbery, says Langen, was discovered in the grove of Silvanus, some distance from the town. Euclio had time to cool down before he reached his house. But surely the poet is justified in allowing him to utter the first emotions of despair to the audience. We may, if we like, think of Euclio rushing along the road crying out for his lost treasure, as Shylock does in the "Merchant of Venice." Langen admits that we ought to take no offence at the ordinary employment of an open street as the scene of action, even though we have evidence enough that in real life the ancients would have thought a street an unsuitable place for secret communications, money transactions (*Asinaria*), ladies' toilettes (*Mostellaria*, *cf.* *Mercator*, 1005). Why not then extend the license of the stage a little further? In the *Captivi* is there not something more subtle and pathetic than Langen thinks in the description of Hegio as believing in the general truth of the captives' statements, and making inquiries afterwards when one of them had escaped? Logically, no doubt, he ought to have reversed the procedure. But, psychologically, is it not an ordinary case of shutting the door after the horse has been stolen? In making inquiries Hegio, of course, expected only confirmation of the story in its main outlines, not evidence

that he had been deceived. In *Aulularia*, ii. 1 Langen objects to the sudden conversion, in the course of twenty lines, of an old man to the idea of marriage. But are we not intended to understand that the thought of marrying Euclio's daughter had been long simmering in the mind of Megaronides, and that his sister suspected it? This would explain her sarcasms about the general badness of women early in the scene, which Langen regards as so out of place in one who was recommending matrimony. In cases like this we ought to give the poet the benefit of the doubt. In any case the conversion is hardly so startling as some other stage conversions of a similar character. The reader is involuntarily reminded of the scene in "Richard III.," in which the Duke of Gloucester persuades Lady Anne, who knew that he had murdered her husband, to accept his hand. In *Menaechmi*, 708 ff., is there not something very feminine in the sudden outburst of violence on the part of the wronged wife, when Menaechmus returns her the robe, the outward and visible sign of his faithlessness? In the same play Langen complains that Plautus gave no thought to the question of costumes; the Syracusan Menaechmus has just arrived, and must, therefore, be wearing his travelling dress; the other Menaechmus is dressed like an ordinary citizen. If the reader will tolerate another reference to Shakspeare—between whom and Plautus a strong resemblance is found by Mommsen—I would say that exactly the same criticism applies to the "Comedy of Errors." Stage convention allows the brothers (and slaves in the latter play) to appear in identical dresses, and no questions must be asked. In his criticism of the *Mostellaria*, p. 171, Langen hardly allows enough for the difficulties of a man who has to lie in a hurry.

The third part of the book contains a discussion of a number of passages in which Langen suspects corruption of the text. Space forbids me to enter into details; suffice it for the moment to say that the author everywhere shows that sound sense and thorough scholarship which characterised his former work (*Beiträge zur Kritik und Erklärung des Plautus*, 1880), and gives proof that he is not one of those who will fight $\pi\acute{\omicron}\varsigma$ καὶ λάξ for anything that stands in the MSS.

E. A. SONNENSCHNEIN.

SOME BOTANICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Lectures on Bacteria. By A. de Bary. Translated by H. E. F. Garnsey; revised by Prof. J. B. Balfour. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.) The Delegates of the Clarendon Press have done well in publishing, in a handy and convenient form, an authorised translation of Prof. de Bary's lectures on bacteria delivered in the University of Strassburg. Although going over much the same ground as the chapters on bacteria in his larger work—*The Comparative Anatomy and Biology of the Fungi, Mycetozoa, and Bacteria*—issued by the same English publishers, it is yet a distinct work; and students of this branch of science will be very glad to have it as a separate publication. The literature of bacteriology has now, in truth, become somewhat appalling. Not only has the bacteriologist to make himself acquainted with all that has been written on the life-history of the various forms, and their

power of mutual transmutation, but also with their pathogenic effects (or otherwise) on man and on other animals, and with the results of their culture in different nutrient substances. On the life-history of bacteria Prof. de Bary is the highest living authority; and on this branch of the subject the reader will here find an adequate account of all the phenomena that can be regarded as substantiated up to the present time, as well as chapters on the causal connexion of parasitic bacteria with infectious diseases in warm-blooded animals, and with the diseases of insects and of plants. To this is appended an excellent "conspectus of literature," accompanied by notes by the author.

Cohn's *Beiträge zur Biologie der Pflanzen*. The fifth vol. of this very valuable publication commences a new series, with a larger page, so as to give more effective plates. The first Heft (244 pages) is entirely occupied with an important paper, by Herr F. Schwarz, on the morphological and chemical composition of protoplasm, illustrated by eight plates. The cell-nucleus he regards as composed of the following five substances, viz.: (1) chromatin, the portion most sensitive to staining re-agents, and occurring in the form of larger or smaller granules or globules, the "nucleo-microsomes" of Strasburger; (2) pyrenin and amphipyrenin, which constitute, respectively, the body and the membrane of the nucleus; these differ widely in their re-actions from chromatin, and also from one another, the former taking up staining re-agents much more readily than the latter; and (3) linin and paralinin, the former being the substance of the nuclear threads, the "nucleo-hyaloplasm" of Strasburger, the latter that of the intermediate matrix or "nuclear sap." A large portion of the paper is occupied by details of the chemical re-actions of these various substances most valuable to histologists. The chlorophyll-bodies are regarded by Herr Schwarz as having a fibrillar structure; the fibrillae do not, however, form a network, but lie side by side, filling up the entire mass of the chlorophyll-body. The fibrillae, composed of a substance which he calls chloroplastin, are not uniform in colour, but contain globular bodies of a deeper green than the rest, the vacuoles or "grana" of Meyer; between the fibrillae is a colourless substance, the metaxin. These two components of the chlorophyll-bodies can be separated by the action of water, in which the fibrillae swell up strongly, but are entirely insoluble, while the metaxin is finally completely dissolved. They may also be distinguished by other chemical re-actions.

THE last published part (No. 20) of Schenk's "Handbuch der Botanik," in the *Encyklopaedie des Naturwissenschaften*, consists of a further instalment of Zimmermann's "Morphology and Physiology of the Vegetable Cell." The chief subjects discussed are the formation of chromatophores and starch-grains, and of other bodies included in the term "cell-contents," the structure and mode of formation of the cell-wall, and the theories of swelling and osmose. With regard to the rival theories as to the mode of formation of the cell-wall, whether by intus-susception or by "apposition," the author takes a medium course, holding that the two modes may each take place under different conditions, or even both at the same time.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EKOTIBHĀVA.

Oxford: Nov. 11, 1887.

The discussion on the correct spelling, the etymological origin, and the technical meaning of this Buddhist word, which was opened in the ACADEMY some time ago, is still carried on with undiminished vigour in the Indian papers.

In the *Proceedings* of the Asiatic Society of Bengal for July, 1887, Dr. Rajendralala Mitra replies to Mr. Growse's letter, published in the ACADEMY. Mr. Growse had very ingeniously suggested that *ekoti* might be the result of Prākritic tendencies which are clearly perceptible in the Sanskrit of the Lalita-vistara, particularly in the Gāthā portions, and that *ekoti* represented an original *eka-koti* in which the initial *k* of *koti* was elided. Dr. Rajendralala Mitra doubts whether such Prākritic tendencies could safely be admitted, and whether, even then, *eka-oti* could possibly be contracted into *ekoti*.

In the mean time, I received a new and very interesting suggestion from Mr. Sarat Chandra Dās, who wrote to me from Darjiling on July 25. He told me that he had been commissioned by Sir Alfred Croft, Director of Public Instruction, Bengal, to compile a list of Buddhist Sanskrit words with their equivalents in Tibetan and English. This is a work which I had strongly recommended to several of my correspondents in India, and for which no one was so fit as Mr. Sarat Chandra Dās. He has studied Buddhism in Lhasa, and possesses a valuable collection of Tibetan translations of Sanskrit texts. From what I have seen of these Tibetan translations of Sanskrit originals, they seem to me far more trustworthy than Chinese translations. The translators have evidently studied Buddhism under competent teachers, and they are able to render the spirit of the originals with far greater accuracy than their Chinese rivals. It is a great pity that the study of Tibetan is so little encouraged in our universities. Much might be gained from a study of Tibetan translations of Buddhist texts. The explanation which Mr. Sarat Chandra Dās gives of *Ekotibhāva*, according to Tibetan authorities, though hardly applicable to Pāli and Sanskrit texts, seems to me to deserve serious attention.

F. MAX MÜLLER.

Darjiling: July 25, 1887.

In his address the president of the Asiatic Society of Bengal made mention of the work I have in hand, i.e., the compilation of a list of Buddhist philosophical and technical terms in Sanskrit, and their equivalents in Tibetan and English. When I commenced this work in October last I had doubts as to its usefulness; but the importance attached to one such term as "Ekotibhāva" by the attempts of Max Müller, Morris, Schiefner, and Dr. Mitra to explain it in the ACADEMY and elsewhere, has encouraged me to push on my work with vigour. I have therefore ventured to write a short note on the etymology and meaning of the term "Ekotibhāva" with a view to explain an important fact connected with the doctrine of incarnation which prevails in Tibet and Mongolia.

I have brought with me from Lhasa some very old Sanskrit and Tibetan dictionaries. One of them, called "Mahā-vyutpatti"—in Tibetan, "Lopon manpons mdsod pahi bye bragtu rtogs byad chhenmo, i.e., "the great critical work prepared by many Pandits and Lochavas" (Tibetan interpreters)—is a MS. written in the Deva-nāgarī characters of the eighth or ninth century A.D., and the rest are in Tibetan. The term "Ekotibhāva" occurs in all of them written with dental *t* and a long *i*, in consequence of which its etymology becomes very simple. It is derived from Eka + uta + bhāva. *Uta* comes from *ve* and the affix

* The term "Ekotibhāva" with long *i* occurs incidentally in Prof. Max Müller's note published in the ACADEMY, April 3, 1886, in the following passage: "Schiefner's explanation, too, which Dr. Morris does not mention, namely, that 'Ekotibhāva' represents 'Ekāvali or Ekāvalibhāva,' is not convincing."

ka. The verb *ve* means to sew or unite; hence the compound means something sewn or united together. The Tibetan version of this term is * *Rgyud+gchig-tu+gyur-pa*, i.e., *Rgyud gchig-tu+gyur-pa*, "*Rgyud gyur-pa*" = sewn or united together, *gchig* = one, and *tu* means "into." The compound word, therefore, means formed into one string or line. In Csoma's translation of a Sanskrit-Tibetan vocabulary "*Ekotibhāva*" or "*Rgyud gchig-tu gyur-pa*" is rendered as "union [with the supreme spirit]."

Ekotibhāva with a short *i*, i.e., "*Ekoti-bhāva*,"† does not seem to me quite correct. In the first place it does not directly give the meaning of the term in accordance with the rules of Sanskrit grammar, and does not tally with the explanation given by the Indian savants who translated the Buddhist sacred books into Tibetan under the auspices of Kings *Thi-srong*, *Ralpachan*, &c. In the second place, it does not occur in any of the books I have consulted.

It is more natural that after *uta* the suffix *Kvi* should be inserted, implying the occurrence of something not existing before (*abhūtad-bhāva*), rather than that the last component part be joined with *uti*, meaning an act of sewing or uniting. But in order that the compound word may give the intended signification in consonance with the rules of grammar, the components should be "*Eka+uta+bhāva*."

A learned Lama of Tibet has kindly sent me a note on this term, the purport of which I give as follows:

"*Rgyud gchig-tu gyur-pa* (*Ekotibhāva*) means the continued connexion of one with another without break or division. A soul (*viñāna* or *Ānām Sēv*) existing from eternity has undergone numberless transmigrations. In all its births it has run through an unbroken line of existence until it is cut short by *Nirvāna*."

All living beings have this kind of continuous existence. A soul undergoing transmigrations may be compared to a string or wreath of flowers, its different embodiment being the individual flowers which drop off one by one after each death. Bodhisattvas and saints alone can know the circumstances of their former births, which ordinary mortals cannot. Some of the grand Lamas of Tibet are the acknowledged incarnations of Bodhisattvas. When the fresh embodiment of a Bodhisattva is announced, a committee of the living Bodhisattvas (grand Lamas) is formed to identify his spirit with that of the Lama whose incarnation he professes to be. At the time of identification the claimant (generally a child of three or four) is required to prove by signs that his spirit is one and the same with the spirit of the Lama whose incarnation he declares himself to be. This identity of the claimant with the spirit of a Lama is called *Ekotibhāva*, and it forms one of the cardinal doctrines of Tibetan Buddhism.

SARAT CHANDRA DĀS.

The same communication from the Pandit has, likewise, been sent to us by Prof. Rhys Davids, the secretary of the Royal Asiatic Society, who appends the following letter:

London: Oct. 28, 1887.

I have received from Pandit Sarat Chandra Dās, the author of the well-known articles in the *Journal* of the Bengal Asiatic Society, the following letter, which will be of interest to

* *Rgyud* means "string, extraction, connexion, nature," &c. *Gyur-pa* means "formed, become, changed," &c.

† The word *Eka+uta+bhāva*, when compounded together, must, according to the rules of Sanskrit grammar, be "*Ekotibhāva*." I quote the rules: (1) "*Abhūtadbhāve kribhvastiyoge kartari Kviā*;" (2) *Asya Kva*; *Kasikā*, v, 4, 50.

those who read the letters you published in the ACADEMY on April 3, 1886, and May 7, 1887. It is clear that in Tibet they have put a new meaning—quite contradictory to the Buddhism of the Pāli Pitakas—into an ambiguous and misunderstood expression.

T. W. RHYS DAVIDS.

THE GLASER INSCRIPTIONS FROM YEMEN.

Corpus Christi College, Cambridge: Nov. 7, 1887.

In the copies which were made by M. Glaser of the Yemen inscriptions secured by him in 1885, and published by Prof. Derenbourg in the September and October numbers of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record*, it is interesting to notice the single vertical line which invariably occurs between each word. It is probable we have a trace of this in the two points which are met with in a similar position in Ethiopic, just as the one point still found in Samaritan is doubtless to be connected with its use in inscriptions of Mesha and Siloam, although in the former a vertical line is found to about every nine words. These two inscriptions also resemble the Yemen inscriptions in another particular, namely, that words are frequently divided at the end of the line, while it is doubtful if this ever takes place in the inscriptions of Yehomelek or Esmunazar.

G. W. COLLINS.

SCIENCE NOTES.

MR. J. G. GOODCHILD, of the Geological Survey, has reprinted from the *Transactions* of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Association a paper on "Ice Work in Edenside." This paper reproduces, in an amplified form, the arguments which he laid before the Geological Society thirteen years ago; and which, though received with coolness at the time, have since been admitted by many geologists. He believes that floating ice had not even the smallest share in any of the phenomena presented by the Edenside drifts. At the same time he holds that there is no proof that any polar ice-cap ever swept over the district in question; in fact, in the North of England there existed large areas which were never glaciated by ice of extraneous origin. Another point on which Mr. Goodchild insists is that the ice-sheet melted as it stood with comparative rapidity. He sees no proof of a succession of interglacial warm periods, nor does he recognise any proof of a submergence during the ice-age.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE first number has reached us of a new periodical devoted to African philology, entitled the *Zeitschrift für afrikanische Sprachen*. Edited by C. G. Büttner. (Berlin: Asher.) It is an indication of the important place Africa is beginning to assume in European studies, and of the light that is being poured upon "the dark continent." The specimen of the journal before us is full of interesting matter for the folklorist, as well as for the philologist. The text of some songs in Old Swahili by the late Dr. Krapf is followed by an article on the grammar of the Bokundu (of the Cameroons), several curious examples of Negro folklore by the Rev. J. G. Christaller, songs of the Sotho by Dr. Endermann, and short vocabularies of two Bantu languages spoken in the Kilimanjaro district. The journal promises to be helpful to the missionary as well as to the philologist.

SEÑORS BAROJA & SONS, of San Sebastian, have brought out a new edition of Larramendi's *El Imposible Veneido*, *Arte de la Lengua Bascongada*, the first Basque grammar attempted, 1729.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY.—(Friday, Nov. 11.)

S. L. LEE, Esq., hon. treasurer, in the chair.—A paper on "Shakspere's Alteration of History in the Historical Plays," by Mr. W. G. Stone, was read by the hon. secretary. Mr. Stone, after touching on the sources for the historical plays other than Holinshed's chronicles, and showing that the sources were sometimes paraphrased, or even reproduced with almost literal fidelity, that mistakes were left uncorrected, and misprints copied, dwelt upon Shakspere's disregard of chronology and contempt for unity of time, in spite of which, however, the action of the plays faithfully interpreted the historical sources at the writer's command, "King John" being the chief exception to this. In characterisation, fidelity to the sources was sometimes observed, in other cases much was embellished or invented—as in the case of Bolingbroke, whose appearance as both demagogue and dissembler was due to Shakspere's invention; and of Richard III., who, according to More, was capable of a fine outburst of remorseful penitence on the eve of the battle of Bosworth Field. Mr. Stone then dealt with the plays seriatim.—The chairman, while finding it difficult, from the extent of ground covered, to criticise particulars, thought that the need had been shown for a general introduction to the historical plays, with, perhaps, more generalisation.—Dr. Furnivall, criticising from a dramatic point of view, welcomed the departure of the dramatist from the facts of history, and could wish there were more such departures. He noticed particularly Shakspere's use of comedy in these plays: how the "Cade" bits were developed in "II. Henry VI.," then dropped in "III. Henry VI.," the complete absence of comedy in "Richard II.," and Shakspere's cutting out of the comic scene in "The Troublesome Raigne" without substituting any comic scene in its place, which, however, might be owing to want of room for any such scene.—The Rev. W. A. Harrison and other members continued the discussion, the general opinion being that the dramatist's close adherence to historical facts was owing to the periods dealt with being modern history to his audience, who would have resented alteration in facts with which they were familiar.

EDINBURGH MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, Nov. 11.)

W. J. MACDONALD, Esq., vice-president, in the chair.—Dr. Thom, as retiring president, delivered an address, in which he discussed mathematical teaching in secondary schools and universities.—Dr. J. S. Mackay contributed a paper on the properties of the figure consisting of a triangle and the squares described on its sides.—Mr. Archibald C. Elliott gave a new proof of a theorem regarding the potential of a magnetic shell.—Office-bearers for the session were elected as follows: president, Mr. W. J. Macdonald; vice-president, Mr. George A. Gibson, of Glasgow; secretary, Mr. A. Y. Fraser; treasurer, Mr. John Allison; committee, Messrs. R. E. Allardice, Archibald C. Elliott, F. Grant Ogilvie, William Peddie, Dr. George Thom, of Dollar, and the Rev. John Wilson.

FINE ART.

GREAT SALE OF PICTURES, at reduced prices (Engravings, Chromos, and Olographs), handsomely framed. Everyone about to purchase pictures should pay a visit. Very suitable for wedding and Christmas presents.—GEO. REES, 115, Strand, near Waterloo-bridge.

MR. AUBREY HUNT'S PICTURES.

MR. AUBREY HUNT's pictures—now at the Goupil Gallery in Bond Street—will please, if they have not pleased already, the most discerning of the lovers of art now in London; and, in fact, it is not possible for anyone who has any hold whatever on the principles of art—for anyone who approaches pictorial work with fine and cultivated instinct—to be insensible to the charm of Mr. Aubrey Hunt's productions. Are they going to be quite the fashion? That remains to be seen. They are individual enough to be, at all events; for even to mere fashion this amount of credit must be accorded—it

must be admitted that even mere fashion does not generally gush over the imitative. Some better informed students of Mr. Aubrey Hunt's work may object to it on the ground that, though it is not in the slightest degree imitative, it betrays the potent influence of a certain school. But the French training—which may conceivably be harmful to the English beginner whose own individuality is not strong enough to assert itself—can do no injury to an artist of the initiative of Mr. Aubrey Hunt—an artist "de tempérament," as the French say, whose American nature, moreover, has perfect affinity with the French methods.

Mr. Hunt's training has been so extremely thorough that there is little that finds him at fault. He is a draughtsman of the figure, as his pictures of "The Musician" and of "Summer Holidays" sufficiently attest. The slender-legged child, dressed closely in black, against a blackish background, is posed with ease and grace. The face is sensitive, and of appropriate expression. The lady in the second picture has also her attractiveness, though there is something about this picture—not quite readily defined—with which we are not wholly pleased. Perhaps at bottom it is a question of colour—a want of harmony for once obtruding itself. Putting in his figures generally with great success, Mr. Hunt is also, quite clearly, a good draughtsman of naval architecture. We will not say that his drawing of boats has quite the subtlety of Mr. Whistler's—certainly it has not quite his subtlety of elegance; but it has, probably, at least as much actual knowledge. Yet it is neither his drawing of the figure, nor his drawing of shipping, that constitutes any considerable part of Mr. Hunt's strength. It is rather his general harmony and gaiety of colour; his delight in movement, especially of the movement of the skies. Flowing water—the shallow waters of a flat French shore—he obviously enjoys; but what he may be supposed to enjoy most is the suggestion of an infinite world of cloud-land, forming and reforming at all moments. There is always atmosphere and weather in his work. The skies he paints the best have a luminous, not a gorgeous, pageantry. Much of his painting is, therefore, in a high key of colour—a very treble of the keyboard, rippling and light. His touch is as vivacious as are the effects he is concerned to pourtray. And his labours are accomplished with a deliberate and a well-planned brevity.

Having said as much as this, we do not know that there is any cogent reason why we should proceed to particularise this or that canvas, or to attempt to form or to express pronounced preferences where the general level of attainment is so high. Yet it may possibly encourage the visitor to the leisurely survey of the whole collection if we direct him, to begin with, to some two or three pictures, other than the couple which have incidentally been named. One of them may be "Rolling Clouds" (No. 7)—an effect perceived,

it is reported, within a walk of London. Another shall be No. 6—"Summer Skies," a work of peculiar refinement of vision and transcript. "Summer Afternoon" (No. 21) is permissibly warmer and brighter. "The Mouth of the Seine" (No. 39) is more forcible. "Ligny-sur-Marne" has tone and gravity. And in No. 46—"Gathering Seaweed"—we are again in presence of a strange refinement of effect, an easy elegance of handling. Altogether it is a very interesting show; a show of possibly unexpected variety, and distinctly refreshing. For though there may be slightness here, and a fragmentary view of nature there, that is quite the exception. And there is no intrusion whatever of that which, in our picture exhibitions, is, indeed, too much with us—the academical, the mediocre, the commonplace.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE OGHAMS ON THE KIRK MICHAEL CROSS.

Kinnaird Castle, Brechin, N.B.: November, 1887.

Having been favoured by the Rev. Ernest B. Savage, of St. Thomas's Parsonage, Isle of Mann, with an excellent facsimile drawing, by himself and Mr. J. M. Nicholson, of the Oghams lately discovered by the former on the Rune-inscribed cross at Kirk Michael, I noticed in those rough scorings such evident likenesses to the Northern Oghams, for some while familiar to me, that I have ventured to attempt a reading of this remarkable Manx inscription.

The Oghams referred to are inscribed on a level space to the left of the longer Runie legend on the cross. The scores, scratched rather than cut, group themselves along an indicated stem-line; and, viewed according to their present position, they apparently read downwards, like the similar inscription on the Aberdeenshire Newton Stone. Notwithstanding their leaning towards Northern types, these Oghams differ considerably from all other examples. They bear, however, some resemblance to the inscription, also a "scratch," which occurs on a slab found at Burrian in Orkney, within the walls of an ancient fortress. The peculiarities of these Scottish or Orcadian Oghams—most of which follow a stem-line traced on the flat—chiefly consist in the use of scores instead of points for vowels; of angled, waved, barred, and otherwise eccentric scores and groups; of bound groups; of short subordinate scores; of arbitrary slantings and unexact positions; of faint delineations of scores, or parts of them, in otherwise firmly cut groups. Such Oghams are impossible to read without modifications on the forms of the Irish Ballymote lists, whether those of the common type, or those of the fanciful un-used varieties. The northern Oghamists—mostly, no doubt, of later date than the Irish and Welsh inscribers—may have borrowed some forms from the manuscript writers; at all events, it is needless to force them to exact conformity with

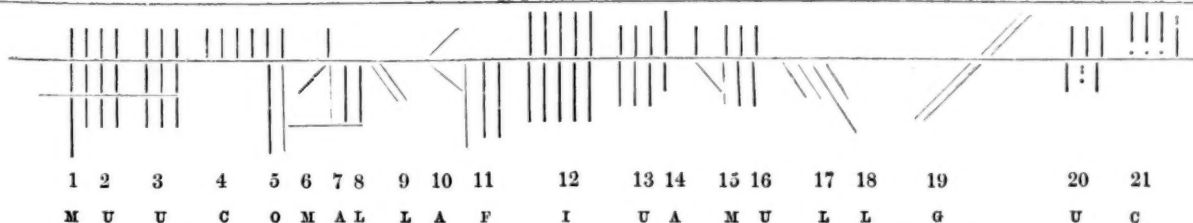
rules belonging to an earlier practice, recorded (perhaps imperfectly) in a fourteenth-century transcription of more ancient documents. Claiming, therefore, some freedom for conjecture, I hope to establish as probable, or reasonable, the version of the Kirk Michael Oghams which is now submitted.*

Translation.—MUUCOMALL AFI UA MULLGUC. Mucomael, son (grandson? or descendant?) of O'Maelguc.

Analysis of the Oghams.—Nos. 1, 2, M, U. Might be E, but the first score, though not slanted, is much longer than the rest. For the binders in this and following groups, cf. bound groups at Burrian (Orkney) and at Lunnasting and Conningsburgh (Shetland). Nos. 6, 7, M, A. Could hardly be B, A; cf. Scoonie (Fife), Nos. 7, 8—as read upwards. No. 9, L. The inward slant seems to connect this with the preceding group. Nos. 10, 11, A, F. No other reading seems possible. The A is the common Northern angled A. No. 12, I. Would be more sloped if R; cf. waved I in Bressay, *in.* B (Shetland). No. 15, M. Could hardly be A; it is longer b low than No. 10. M takes strange forms; cf. Burrian, No. 20, and Lunnasting, No. 19. No. 16, U, perhaps A, O. Nos. 17, 18, L, L. Not s, the division into two groups being strongly marked by the differing length of digit in each pair. No. 19, G. There is a long interval between this and No. 18; but the sudden bend in the stem-line suggests some reason for a blank. The space, however, may have been occupied by scores. Examination of the stone might decide the question. No. 20, U. Might be read A, H, A; but the partial obliteration of the middle score of a U seems more likely. No. 21, C. Partly effaced; T, H, or T, A, are possible alternatives.†

Analysis of the Words.—MUUCOMALL, Mucomael. A compound proper name of that common type where the syllable Mal or Mael is added or prefixed to another significant word. From the Welsh inscriptions, cf. Briamail, Broh-mail, Broho-maglus; Maelagnus, Magalagnus, Mael-domnac, &c. In the Irish Annals, Mael seems hardly to occur as a suffix, while as a prefix it is extremely common (O'Donovan, *Four Masters*, see index). From the Irish Ogham Inscriptions, cf. Meolagnus, Maelcinbir, Ma(ea)ludaig, Ma(ea)lmaire (Br. 204, 243, 290). In Scotland similar names were frequent, e.g., Maol-colum (Malcolm), Maelmuire, Mael-beatha. Both in Welsh and Gaelic Mael or Maol signifies a servitor or attendant, more especially the tonsured servant, or the votary, of a holy person. But in the early compound names the syllable Mal more often represented Maglo or Mal, "a noble, a prince, a king" (Rhys, 369). There are Welsh examples in which Mael sometimes precedes and sometimes follows, such as Mael-derw and Derfael, Mael-gad and Gad-fael, Mael-gwn and Cyn-fael (Pughe, *Welsh Dict.* ii. 317)—the last pair representing Maglocunus and Canomaglus in softened forms.

* It will be understood that the diagram is merely illustrative, and gives but little idea of the original Ogham forms.



† For the Northern inscriptions, all references to details relate to my own paper—"The Ogham Inscriptions of Scotland"—in the *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*, 1885, pp. 180-207; also to my papers in the same, 1883 and 1886. For the Irish inscriptions I have chiefly used—Brash, *The Ogham Inscribed Monuments of the Gaedhil* (1879); and for the Welsh—Rhys, *Lectures on Welsh Philology* (1879), and—Westwood, *Lapidarium Wallias* (1876-1879). The abbreviations Br., Rhys, and Wd. will be understood to signify those three works.

MUOCO, the prefix in the present case, is likewise a common word, variously spelt (*moco*, *mucoi*, &c.), and possibly of various meanings. Generally it may be regarded as the nominative or genitive of a word akin to *Mac*, a son, and viewed as denoting a grandson or other descendant (Rhys, 407-412). Sometimes, perhaps, it may represent a proper name; sometimes, according to certain writers, a priestly designation, either as from the Latin *Magus*, or from *Mucaidhe*, a swine-herd, used typically for a religious teacher (like the modern Shepherd), or even as signifying a literal swine-herd or swine-owner—anciently no mean title, see the story of Marbhan Mucaidhe, brother to St. Patrick, King of Connaught (Br. 139). *Moc* or *Muc* was a frequent element in ancient ecclesiastical names, e.g., Mochonno, hospitaller to St. Patrick, A.D. 448; Mochta, saint and bishop at the same period; Abbot Mochaio (A.D. 496); St. Mochua (A.D. 637), and many others (O'Donovan, *Four Masters*); but the syllable *Mo* (my), as a term of affection or respect, was often prefixed to the names of saints, which may, in some cases, account for the form (Bishop Forbes, *Kalendar of Scottish Saints*). *Mocanus*, *Mocdo*, *Moco-onis* are Gaulish forms of similar type (Br. 139). The word occurs in the Port Erin Manx Oghams lately deciphered by Prof. Rhys—“Bivainas Maqi Mucoi Cunava” (see letter in the ACADEMY, July 10, 1886).

AFI, son (?) This uncertain term forms the key-word of several difficult Ogham inscriptions. Its general meaning appears to be grandson, but it may sometimes signify nephew, or descendant. “The word *Aw* or *Aw* occurs in Irish Ogam in the sense of grandson, Old Irish *áue*” (Rhys, 280), equivalent to the Gaelic *Ogha*, pronounced *Oha*. Comparison of the inscriptions in which the word occurs has led me to think that it may sometimes denote the relationship of son. Its likeness to the Welsh *Ab*, *Ap*, *Mab*, *Map*, a son, is more apparent under the spelling *Afi* or *Afi*. Prof. Rhys decides in favour of *w* or *v*, as against the *f* rendering of the corresponding group in the Ballymote key. I cannot however, help doubting whether, especially in Irish and Scottish examples, the *f* may not be sometimes better. In this paper I propose, as a matter of convenience, to use *f* and *q*, rather than *w* and *q*, as being the more commonly accepted Ogham renderings. The strange stuse of this *f* group is found among the Northern inscriptions, where its sound can hardly be either *f* or *w*—e.g., *Nahhtffiddadd*, for the known name *Natdad* or *Naddod* (Bressay, B); *Nuuffhri*, for the genitive of an uncertain proper name—perhaps *Nur* or *Nuri* (Golspie). *Ip*, *Ipe*, *Ivi*, are apparently forms of *Afi*, and with it seem to bear affinity to *Maqi* or *Mac*, which, it may be noted, frequently took the form of *Ic*, in Ulster and in Scotland, for the nominative as well as the genitive case (Stuart, *Sc. St. Scot.* ii. 71).

Among the Irish Ogham legends several are probably unreadable without the recognition of *Afi*, *Ipi*, &c., as terms of relationship, and several more or less doubtfully admit of or require their use. Different versions of these have been offered by antiquaries; but in citing them I propose to use Mr. Brash's copies, as best known to me, and as taken directly from the original by a skilled observer. The legends may be read as follows—it being understood that the divisions into words are mine, though the transliterations are borrowed from Mr. Brash:—(1) *Usman . . . nsil* (E)fi Dutt . . . as—Br. 131; (2) *Ape Fritti*—Br. 201; (3) . . . *lmaiaq* *Api Maqi Muc(o)* . . .—Br. 205; (4) *Lugudeccas Maqi Cago*, *Mage Cafu*, *Maqi Ofdolad*, *Ibi Gaougt*—Br. 247; (5) *Fanlit Afi Cacos*, *Af Colgaccos Obada*—Br. 298; (6) *Maqi Iar Ipi Maqi Moccoe Doffinias*—Br. 201; (7) *Api Logdo Maqi Maqa* . . .—Br.

187; (8) *Ufanos Afe Isabattos*—Br. 312; (9) *Gosuctias Mosac Map Eini*—Br. 190.*

In Wales there are two Ogham examples of the words under consideration. That at *Trallong* (Wd. 61, pl. xxxvi.) is accompanied by a Roman legend, apparently relating to the same family, the former reading:—*Canocenni filius Canoceni hic jacit*; the latter, as it seems to me:—*Canacenn Afi* (or *Ifi*) *Ilffeto*—*Canacenn*, son (?) of *Ilfet* (= *Ailluat*, cf. Irish *Ailluattan*—Br. 152). The other example, at *Llanwinio*, likewise occurs on a bilingually inscribed stone (Wd. 91, pl. xlvii.). The Roman legend may be read: *Bivadi Fili Bodibeve*—(Stone) of *Bud* (or *Budi*), son of *Bodibeve*; the Ogham (with the cross turned downward, and the scores, from that position, read up the right and then up the left—as in the Brodie inscription) seems to be:—*Beffi Afi Boddib* . . .—(Stone) of *Beu* (?), grandson (?) of *Bodib[eu]*. *Bod* or *Bud* is a common element in ancient Celtic names. It seems to appear in the unique circular Ogham at *Logie Elphinstone*, which I have read as

* (1) Unreadable through damage. The *x* in *Efi* is probably *r*. (2) The Son (?) of *Feret* or *Ouret*. Mr. Brash reads *Aeaf Ritti*, without translating. In this legend, and in Nos. 3, 6, 7, 9, the Ogham sign *X* is read as *r*, as on the “*Turpilli*” stone (Br. 330; Wd. 73). (3) . . . (Stone) of . . . *lmaiaq*, Son (?) of the Son of *Muco* . . . : Mr. Brash gives no translation. (4) (Stone) of *Lugud*, Son of *Cacu*, Son of *Cafu*, Son of *Oldolat* (cf. Welsh *Odeleu*), Descendant (?) of *Guasacht* (see after, under *Gosuctias*). Regarding such forms as *Cacu* and *Cafu* it seems to be uncertain whether their last syllable is part of the name, or a sign of the genitive (or dative?). *Cacu* is akin to *Guc* (see after), and *Cafu* appears elsewhere in “*Mage Cafec*” (Br. 254). Onwards from the word *Cafu*, Mr. Brash thus divides and renders: “*Maqi Of. Dola ti bi gao usg t*”; “Son of *Of* (*My*) grief, he was wounded in water.” Another translator suggests: “Contracted in sickness, in water” (Br. 248, 9), a version equally remote from the spirit of Ogham legends. (5) *Fanlet* (*Finlaith*)—also cf. *Fanon*, Son(?) of *Cacu*, Son(?) of *Colgac Obada* (*Ua Fadda*)? cf. “*Ofaddaio MacAsoni*,” also Gaelic *Feadhach* and Gaulish *Fadia*, *Fadius* (Br. 228). Mr. Brash accepts from another writer the singular reading: “*Fan li ta fca Cosaf, colgac cos obada*”; “Beneath this flag is placed *Cosaf*, the fiery and fleet-footed.” (6) (Stone) of the son of *Iar* (cf. *Iar*, *Iarnon*, &c.), son of the Priest (?) *Dobhan* (*Dobunus*). Mr. Brash gives no translation. (7) With the Bishop of *Limerick*, Mr. Brash reads: “*Apilodgo*” (Stone) of *Apilodgus*; cf. *Abeil*, *Abilogus*. This version may probably be right; on my division the translation would run: Son (?) of *Lugud*, son of the Daughter (?) of . . . ; cf. “*Tria Maqa Meolagn*” (Br. 204), where *Tria* might be feminine (cf. *Trea*, fem.; *Mart. Don.*) But *Maqa* may be merely a variant of *Maqi*, son. (8) (Stone) of *Ufan*, son (?) of *Isahatt* (?). The (perhaps Gaulish) name *Isahatt* is hard to identify; but Mr. Brash's copy, taken from the original with special care (p. 310), seems to demand it. Under the alternative “*Sahattos*,” of *Sahatt*, the preceding word would show the unlikely form of *Afei*. This legend Mr. Brash takes as recording the names of four men, viz., *Aufan*, *Safel*, *Sah*, and *Att*, who are supposed to be referred to in the Roman capitals on the same stone, *IVVEREDRVVIDES*, which he, and others, read as *IV VERE DRVVIDES*, “Four true Druids.” Might not the words be simply *IVVERE DRVVIDES*, the verb being found in *juvo*, or (with the *h* and *v* transmutation) in *jubeo*? Either, I believe, would give a warrantable meaning. Prof. Rhys's copy slightly differs from that before me, and he reads: “*Uwanos Awi Ewacattos*” (p. 209). He has accepted the version *IVVERE*, which, however, seems to be erroneous (Br. 310, 312, and pl. xl.). (9) Mr. Brash doubts the possibility of translation. I would suggest: (Stone) of *Guasacht* *Mos* (or *Mosac*), son of *Eini* (cf. *Aini*, *Eighneach*). *Mos* or *Mosac* may perhaps be an epithet (*Mús* or *Más*, pleasant, agreeable, handsome?)—O'Brien, *Ir. Diet.* “*Gosuctias*,” by itself, occurs on another Ogham stone (Br. 198)—cf. “*Guasacht*, the son of *Maechu*, *Mart. Don.* (Br. 190).

“*Athath Bhoto*”—meaning, perhaps, *The Grave* (?) of *Bod* or *Bodo*.*

In Scotland there is no Ogham example of *Afi*. *Ip* almost certainly occurs in the *Newton Oghams* (see forward, under *UA*), for *IX* would be meaningless as *IEA*; and *Ipe* is distinct in the Roman-letter inscription at *St. Vigean*. *Ap*, for *Mac*, was used in *South Scotland* till the thirteenth century (e.g., *Macrath ap Molegan*), and is believed to survive in the *Galloway* prefix *A*, as in *Ahannay*, *Asloanes*, more usually seen as *Hannay* and *Sloans* (Stewart, *Sc. St. Scot.*, ii., 72).

UA. Descendant. This word, so common in its modern spelling *o* (e.g., *O'Brien*, *O'Connor*), does not apparently exist in two-letter form in any of the Irish, Welsh, or English Ogham legends. It seems, however, to occur in Scotland in two instances: (1) In the *Newton Oghams*—*Aiddai Qann Forre*—*Ip UA Iosii*.† (2) In the Oghams on the “*Lang Steen*” at *Aquholie*, in *Kincardineshire*—*F(a)dh Donan Ui Te(n)* . . . In both cases these are my own readings, taken with the greatest care from the original inscriptions on the stones.‡ The

* Mr. Brash gives, as his final reading of the *Trallong* Ogham: “*Cunacenna Fiilffeto*,” “*Cunacena*, a skilled bard,” deriving *Fiil* *Ffeto* from *file*, a bard, and *feth*, knowledge (Br. 344). He shows that the Roman inscriber reversed the monument before engraving it, his legend running towards the cross, which occupies the stone's natural base. The Ogham would thus appear to be the older inscription (see Wd. 63). Prof. Rhys reads the Ogham as “*Cunacenniwi llweto*”—taking the first word as equivalent to “*Cunacenn filius Cunaneni*,” and *llweto* as an epithet in the genitive, perhaps meaning “much speaking” or “much spoken of” (Rhys, 384).

The Rev. D. Haigh, apparently with Mr. Brash's concurrence, read the Oghams at *Llanwinio*: “*Afi Boci B[iadi] Beff[e]*,” and viewed *Afi* as equalling *Maqi maqi* (Br. 347). Prof. Rhys, in his latest version, reads the Latin legend: “*Bladi fili Bodibeve*,” expressing doubt as to the first word, which has generally been viewed as “*Biadi*.” His version of the Oghams is as follows: “*Awwi Bocib . . . Beww*,” “*Nepotis Bocibevi . . .*,” with the remark that he would be inclined to read “*Beww[i] Awwi Bocib[ewwi]*”—the arrangement I propose—but that it is “not usual to begin with the right edge,” though “that,” he adds, “is probably not a sufficient reason for not doing so here” (Rhys, 281).

† The main inscription on the *Newton* stone has been the subject of much controversy. For reasons too long to state, I doubt if it has yet been rightly transliterated, even in the recent version of so eminent an antiquary as the Bishop of *Limerick*. Though I have elsewhere made known my own version—founded on study of the original—I desire to submit it again here, in the hope of possibly rendering some aid to scholars in arriving at a true decipherment. The lettering seems to be in debased Greek (partly minuscule), with a few Irish-Roman forms; several of the peculiar characters occur in the Greek *Pater-noster* in the “*Book of Armagh*,” and others, more doubtfully, in the alphabet on the *Kilmalkedar* stone. Noting the chief points of uncertainty, my transliteration is as follows:—

AITTAI FURYRINGIN SYOL-O-UOSE
A A K N N G R G
URChN-ELISI MAQPI LOGOY-PATR
N E F F N N

‡ The only certain way. Photographs, though aids in the study of the originals, are seldom sufficient when used alone, may convey wrong impressions, may even falsify if taken from chalked scores. Casts of all sorts are often erroneous; for example, the fine plaster cast of the *Newton* stone, in the *Antiquarian Museum* at *Edinburgh* (one much referred to) omits two of the Ogham scores, through a flaw where portions join. This is no solitary case. I have seen paper casts that were quite untrustworthy from imperfections and tamperings.

Aquhollie Oghams (unknown till read by me last year; see remarks by Prof. Rhys near end of his letter in the ACADEMY, July 10, 1886) are remarkable as furnishing the only specimens in Scotland of vowels indicated by points, instead of by scores across the stem-line. From this, and from its position on a large unhewn boulder, I should suppose it to be the oldest Ogham legend in Scotland, the only one at all similar being that on the likewise unhewn stone at Newton—but there the vowels are scores in the usual Northern mode. On both these monuments the surface is rather worn where Ua or Ui occurs, but the existence of the word can hardly be doubted. In the present example Ua seems fairly evident.

MULLGUC. Mael-Guc. There is some uncertainty in the reading, owing to the long blank between Mull and Guc, which may have held scores now effaced. Taking the existing scores, the word appears as above—a compound name resembling that which heads the inscription, though, in this case, the syllable Mael precedes the conjoined word. The difference between Mall and Mull in Muuco-mall and Mull-guc may have had no significance, the vowels being interchangeable; yet, perhaps, it may have designedly marked a variation of meaning, Mall representing the prince or noble, and Mull the devotee. The name Guc occurs in the Irish Ogham inscriptions, in "Cunnetan Maqi Guc" (Br. 254), and probably in "Alatoceli Maqi G(u)qi" (Br. 190), also, perhaps, in "Cago Mage Cafu," &c. (Br. 247), and in "Saffi-qegi Maqi Ddattac" (Br. 287). It likewise appears on the Fardell stone in Devonshire, in "Saffa-qquci Maqi Qici" (Br. 349). Saffa-qquci here and Saffi-qegi above may serve as illustrations of the capriciousness of Ogham spelling. "Cueg or Cuic is a recognisable proper name . . . common in many districts of Ireland to the present day in the forms of Mac Quig, Mac Keag, and Quigly" (Br. 349).

In the *Manx Note Book* (p. 117) Mr. A. W. Moore suggests that the common Manx name Kay, Kee, Kew, Quay, &c., is a contraction of Mac-Caoch, "the dim-sighted man's son." Might Guc be another form of the same appellation? In the *Annals of the Four Masters*, among hundreds of names beginning with Mael, we find—Mael-caeich (died A.D. 665), and Mael-cach (died A.D. 779). The name Ua Mael-gaeithe (slain A.D. 1131) offers a combination similar to the Ua Mull-guc of the legend before us. Names formed like Mull-guc are common in the Isle of Man. On the cross that bears the present Oghams we find in the Runic inscription Mal-Lumcun and Mal-Muru, and Mal-Brieti heads the inscription on another cross at Kirk Michael (Vigfusson and Savage, *The Manx Runic Inscriptions Re-read*).

SOUTHERN.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colour, with some invited guests, are to dine together on Monday evening. The Institute, we may further note, has commenced what, in the present state of things, will be rather a useful system—that of having two "private views," exclusive of the first or "press" view. Thus, during the present week, Thursday is appointed for art critics and journalists to have their earliest sight of the exhibition; Friday is appointed for a "special private view," at which known purchasers may really have an opportunity of seeing what may be acquired; and Saturday is fixed for the regular "private view"—in other words, for the desired crush of the season.

AT the exhibition of the newly honoured "Royal Society of British Artists," an evening reception is to be the first function. The exhibi-

tion itself, we hear, will be found to be not quite so limited in quantity or character as was the last show. Among contributions from foreigners, we hear of at least one work by M. Alfred Stevens, who has now given in his adhesion to this Royal Society, and of a portrait of Mrs. Mortimer Menpes in evening dress, by M. Roussel, the refinement of whose work has been already apparent. Furthermore, a certain number of etchings are, for the first time, to appear in this exhibition. The society, it may well be recollected, numbers among its members and exhibitors several engaging etchers, besides the master of the craft who is its energetic president.

MR. SELWYN IMAGE—thoughtful as a writer and original as a pictorial artist—will deliver four lectures on Art, at Willis's Rooms, the first on Saturday, December 10, being on "Literature in its Connexion with the Pictorial and Plastic Arts" and on "Literary Art Criticism."

THE Chester authorities have kindly sent the sculptured stone found in the city wall, on which so much controversy has arisen, for exhibition at the Society of Antiquaries, before whom Mr. W. de G. Birch, will read a paper at an early date. Fellows of the Society and their friends will thus have an opportunity of inspecting the stone for a short time while it is in London. Our readers will remember that Mr. Thompson Watkin maintains that the sculpture is mediaeval, whereas Mr. Birch claims a Roman origin for it.

"DOWN to the Land's End" will be the subject of fifty illustrations in the Christmas number of the *British Architect*, to be published on December 16. These illustrations will be reproduced from pen and ink sketches made on the spot by Mr. T. Raffles Davison, and will comprise some twenty churches, old and new, examples of domestic architecture, &c. The descriptive letter-press will be contributed by Mr. J. D. Sedding.

MESSRS. BUSH & REID have chosen Mr. Herbert Schmalz's poetical picture of "Widowed" from this year's Academy for reproduction by photogravure. The plate is a very successful one, and we are not sure that the impressive design and fine feeling of the picture are not rather emphasised than diminished by translation to black and white. A plate after the same artist's "Morning Prayer," and another after Moscheles's portrait of Rubinstein, are among the recent publications of the firm.

MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS has now returned home to Westbury-on-Trym, after a short holiday—great part of which was characteristically devoted to lecturing on Ancient Egypt in some of the large towns of Lancashire and Cheshire. Her lecture at Stockport, on Tuesday of last week, was particularly successful, the audience exceeding two thousand; but in all cases she was enthusiastically received. She has yet an engagement to keep at Tamworth.

AN exhibition at Paris of the works of M. Puvion de Chavannes is being organised.

THE STAGE.

THE "DRAMATIC STUDENTS" AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

NOTHING but an overflowing audience was wanted at Terry's Theatre, one day last week, to complete or emphasise the success of the revival of Dr. Westland Marston's "Favourite of Fortune." Had it been possible to have given the performance in the evening, instead of in the afternoon, the attendance would

have been larger. Had it been possible to repeat the performance when its distinct attractiveness had been bruited about, a large public would have gathered to see the admirable play. But neither of these things could be; and the "Dramatic Students," who include—as I have had the pleasure of telling them before—many of the best gifted of the rising actors and actresses of the day, must rest satisfied with having acted very well, upon the whole, a piece which it was quite ridiculous should go any longer unseen, and, so, with having performed a reasonable service alike to playgoers and to a distinguished man of letters. Dr. Westland Marston is certain to have expressed very graciously to the "Students" his sense of the serious character of their efforts—serious because the piece, being so literary, does not act itself like a melodrama, but requires, at all points, a delicate and elaborate expression. And it may now only be hoped that those playgoers who have the interests of the stage at heart will, for their parts, acknowledge as freely what the "Students" are doing. The "Students," of course, teach themselves while they amuse us; but, in view of the pieces which they have thus far performed, it must be recognised that they give us opportunities of enjoying what somehow, it seems, can be enjoyed in no other way.

One used to hear that the "Favourite of Fortune"—a play of Dr. Marston's, which, after all, is only about a score of years old—would, were it performed, be found to have aged very much; and from the silliness of the talk about it in some quarters, one might—if one had not had access to the words—have gone expecting to hear dialogue as antiquated as Sedaine's, as "precieux" as that of Marivaux. As a matter of fact the dialogue is excellent. Of course, the tone of conversation varies a little every few years, and the amount of age which this implies—that amount and no more—is no doubt noticeable in Dr. Marston's comedy. We do not say things half as wittily now; our wit, when we have it, has not the elegance and the finish. We speak with a little more directness, crispness—or is it "bluntness" that I shall say? And anyone sensible of this must find a tendency to years in the dialogue of Thackeray and Trollope—a tendency to years, still more marked, in a shorter time, in the dialogue of George Eliot in *Daniel Deronda*. The truer trace of the "Favourite of Fortune's" belonging, in a sense, to another generation—of its having had its origin then—lies in the, at least, occasional absence of striking situations. In it and in that other generation, "curtain" may follow upon a pretty sentiment or an elaborate retort, where now, perchance, it can only follow on an unexpected tableau—on one heroine, at the very least, prostrate on the floor. This being so, it would be ridiculous to recommend the "Favourite of Fortune" for revival at the Adelphi or at the Princess's. Under the last regrettable régime at the Haymarket, it would have been strangely out of keeping; but it is at least possible to look forward to seeing it again wherever genuine entertainment is associated with literary taste. Had we the counterpart of the Théâtre Français, this play would have a place in the repertory; and it would have a place by reason of its literary qualities, its

delicate character-drawing, and its elegant vivacity of action.

Of course, when one knows that the "Students" are working under every conceivable difficulty, one goes to their performance with the best intentions of making allowances—of judging the subaltern with a less severe precision than would have to be exercised were one judging the general. But, as a rule, there is singularly little necessity for this attitude of indulgence—for this amiable mood; because, as I find it, the acting rarely wants smoothness, though it sometimes wants force. That it should want force here and there is, of course, particularly excusable where a young woman "Student"—of whom the needful breadth and vigour may never before have been demanded—is suddenly cast for a strong comedy part, such as might be played with the greatest effect by Miss Larkin say, or Mrs. John Wood. This was a little bit the case with Miss Roche, who played one of the amply middle-aged women at Terry's Theatre last week. It might have been the case with Miss Webster, since she also is young; but, fortunately, it was not, and Miss Webster gave us a representation of a husband-hunting mother, at once entertaining, forcible and dignified. Her raiment, and her entirely matronly fashion of wearing it—and of moving—were, indeed, admirable. Miss Cudmore and Miss Dearing played the minor young women of the piece with a measure of skill and appreciation; and, as the real heroine, Miss Maud Millett, was almost as good as it is possible to be in the representation of a lady whose charm is, perhaps, her greatest characteristic, and whose emotions are generally of the lighter kind. She gave unqualified pleasure. The three chief men's parts were played by Mr. Hayden Coffin, Mr. Lugg, and Mr. Sant Matthews. Some judges thought that Mr. Hayden Coffin wanted intensity. To me he had great reality. I found no want of feeling, but rather a well judged simplicity, with an entire absence of conventional effects. Mr. Lugg, as Tom Sutherland—the other young man, who, according to the mode of the day, was but superficially cynical—was least engaging in his earlier scenes. One liked him better as time passed, though one may never have waxed positively enthusiastic. Fox Bromley, the polite, dry villain of the piece, was played by Mr. Sant Matthews. If he reminded me of Mr. Hare, I cannot say that that was a fault, since certainly it was only of Mr. Hare at Mr. Hare's very best. Mr. Sant Matthew's own conception was worked out in quite a finished way. Mr. Mark Ambient, the honorary secretary of the society, did not appear. He contented himself with furnishing us with an interesting narrative of the previous fortunes of the piece in London and the provinces. Mr. Charles Wyndham first, and then Mr. Charrington, had rehearsed the "Students" admirably.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

MUSIC.

THE "OEDIPUS TYRANNUS" AT CAMBRIDGE.

Two years ago Dr. Stanford wrote incidental music to the "Eumenides;" and we now find

him illustrating the "Oedipus Tyrannus," one of the greatest, and at the same time one of the most sombre, of Greek plays. The story of the ill-fated Theban king seems at first sight to teach that man is but a plaything in the hands of the all-powerful gods, who at pleasure exalt him and then cast him into the lowest depths of shame and misery. But in the noble choruses of the Grecian poet a more rational doctrine is taught. Arrogance and impiety seem to be the causes which helped to bring about the ruin both of Oedipus and Jocasta—the gods were stern, but just.

Dr. Stanford, though he may have felt inspired by the grandeur of the verses, must have found it difficult to write music befitting them; but we certainly think that he has never before shown such grasp of his theme, and at the same time such freedom. The music seems to have come to him, rather than to have been sought. He commences with a Prelude, in overture form, in which there are two motives, that express—the one, the misery; the other, the might of the Theban king. The music throughout is solemn and dignified; both in matter and manner it recalls "Tristan," especially the orchestral introduction to the third act of that music-drama. In the chorus in which prayers are offered to Apollo, Athene, and Artemis for deliverance from the plague which is devastating the land, the composer has wedded the words to some excellent music. And not the least noteworthy feature of it is the gradual working-up to a very powerful climax. The orchestra, with its ever-changing rhythm is exceedingly effective. We next have a chorus in C minor. The citizens, by the judgment of their hearts, refuse to adjudge Oedipus guilty of crime. The movements of the Furies are graphically depicted in the orchestra, and the change in key and character of the music near the close is in accordance with the spirit of the words. Motives from the overture are skilfully introduced. The Entr'acte, judging from what follows, is intended for Jocasta, as the Prelude was for Oedipus. It is a short movement, very Brahms-like in style. The chorus at the close of the second act is a fine piece of writing. The praises of the mighty father of Olympus are sung in broad and bold strains; while the references to ill-starred pride and unholy deeds are accompanied by the restless theme of the Entr'acte, and in the coda of the movement appear the Oedipus motives. The close of the next chorus is very dramatic. The citizens, hoping that all will yet end well, sing cheerfully; but the arrival of the herdsman who brings to light the dreadful secret enters, while the *cor anglais* in the orchestra gives out the opening theme of the Prelude. The chorus in fitting tones bewail the event. The close of this movement is very striking. In the final number the chorus, in dirge-like and dignified strains, point the moral of the tale—that "no one of mortal race can be called happy until he hath crossed life's border free from pain."

The first performance of the play, in the original Greek, took place at the Cambridge Theatre on Tuesday evening. Mr. J. H. G. Randolph (Trinity) played the part of King Oedipus with much dignity. His entry, however, into the palace in the last act, when the truth of the oracle is fully revealed, was somewhat boisterous. For the rest, passion, despair, and solicitude for his children were well expressed. The difficult rôle of Jocasta was taken by Mr. C. Platts (Trinity). His enunciation was remarkably soft and clear, and his acting showed qualities of a high order. Mr. F. T. Miller (Gonville and Caius) as Creon, Mr. H. Head (Trinity) as Teiresias, were more or less satisfactory. A word of commendation is due to Mr. R. R. Otley (Trinity), for his quiet yet forcible behaviour

as leader of the chorus. Mr. J. W. Clark was responsible for the stage arrangements, and with so small a stage he managed wonderfully well. The scene—the front of the palace of Oedipus and the space before it—was effectively presented.

The choral singing was a little coarse, but the earnestness of the Theban Elders atoned for any shortcomings. The orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Stanford, with Mr. A. Burnett as leader, was good, though not sufficiently numerous to do full justice to the music.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

RECENT CONCERTS.

SIR GEORGE GROVE naturally took care that the anniversary of Schubert's death should not pass unnoticed at the Crystal Palace, so last Saturday's concert was mainly devoted to that composer's music. Herr Franz Néruda, the excellent cello player, whose name is so often seen on the programmes of Mr. C. Hallé's recitals, was engaged for that day; and as Schubert wrote neither concerto nor solos for his instrument, he selected a Concertstück of his own, and some "Popper" solos. The first is a piece of music written evidently to show off his executive skill; and, as such, it was entirely successful.

The concert commenced with an overture in E minor by Schubert, which has only lately been published. The autograph bears the date "Februar, 1819," but nothing is known of the circumstances under which the work was written. It is scored for full orchestra with three trombones. The hand of the composer can be traced throughout; but, though it contains many interesting passages, and prefigures at times the great Symphony in C—the work for which Schubert seemed constantly gathering his strength—it is not by any means one of his strongest or most fascinating productions. The form of the movement is by no means satisfactory; the middle portion is out of proportion to the opening and closing sections, and the coda is not impressive. A selection from the delightful "Rosamunde" music, and the Grand Symphony in C—No. 10, as Sir G. Grove will still have it—completed the instrumental part of the programme; and it is scarcely necessary to add that full justice was done to them by Mr. Manns and his band. Mrs. Henschel was the vocalist, and sang in her best manner some of Schubert's finest songs. Her voice, at times, may show weakness, but excellent training and artistic taste help one to forget this. Mr. Henschel, who accompanied his wife, contributed greatly, by his delicate playing and effective gradations of tone, to the success of "Die Junge Nonne."

Mdlle. Janotha was again the pianist at the Popular Concert on Monday. She played Beethoven's Sonata in D minor. Some passages in the first and last movements were rendered with unnecessary exaggeration, but on the whole she gave an intelligent reading of the work. We could not, however, agree with her *tempo*. The opening Allegro was too fast, the Adagio much too fast, and the Allegretto a little too fast. She was encored, and played the well-worn Spinnlied of Mendelssohn. The programme included Brahms' beautiful Sextet in G, which was admirably performed by Mdlle. Norman-Néruda, and Messrs. Ries, Straus, Gibson, Howell, and Piatti. Mrs. Henschel sang "Lieder," by Schumann, Brahms, and Bizet, and was well received. There was but a moderate attendance.

DELICIOUS PRESERVE.—The most attractive of all preserves is NO BELLA MARMALADE, made from the celebrated Kent Morella Cherry. The stones being extracted, double weight of fruit is given. Sold in 1 lb. pots by grocers, &c. Makers—THOMAS GRANT & SONS, Maidstone and 46, Gresham-street, E.C.